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# THE NEW
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## CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . . . Page 345
ECONOMICS AND IDEOLOGY . . . . . 347
THE AMERICAN LEFT. By John Morton . . 348
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic . . . . 349
THIS ENGLAND . . . . . . . . 349
BANKSIDE 1977. By Sagittarius . . . 349
MADAGASCAR . . . . . . . . 350
JARROW. By Aylmer Vallance . . . . 350
PROSTITUTION AND THE LAW. By C. H. Rolph 351
ISABELITA HAS LOST HER REASON. By Kay Boyle . . . . . . . . . 352
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: Page
Sickert and Some Others. By Roger Marvell 352
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 353
Radio Notes. By Edward Sackville West . 354
The Theatre. By Sam Smiles . . . 354
Lennox Berkeley's Symphony. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor . . . . . . . 354
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . . . . 355
From: David Murray; Douglas Young; Ronald Smurthwaite; Michael Clarke; G. A. Sutherland; D. B. Sole; R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., and others; and Spiros X. Dimopolou.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By G. W. Stonier Page 357
REVIEWS:
William Morris. By Humphry House . . 358
New Novels. By John Morris . . . 358
Three Men Remember. By Geoffrey Trease 358
An Oxford Accent. By G. K. Lewis . . 359
The Englishman Abroad. By Walter Allen 360
Kierkegaard's Ethic. By The Rev. E. F. F. Hill . . . . . . . . 361
SHORTER NOTICES . . . . . . 362
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS . . . . . 362

# OLD WINE IN SOFT-DRINK BOTTLES

**Mr. R. A. Butler** and his committee are to be congratulated on the production of the Tory Party's *Industrial Charter*. Here is no Vade-Mecum for diehards, no blueprint of crude reaction. The crusted port of Toryism is urbanely decanted into bottles fashioned, one would suppose, for innocuous soft drinks. Indeed, the authors of the pamphlet state their case with such sweet reasonableness that they give the impression of desiring to conciliate Labour, and to unsay Mr. Churchill's charges that "controls" would lead to a Gestapo, and that free enterprise and democratic liberty were synonymous. They go out of their way to emphasise the extent not of their differences, but of their common ground with "moderate" Socialism.

Some concessions, it is true, are made to Colonel Blimp. If the Conservatives return to office, the Trade Disputes Act is to be partially re-enacted; trade unionists are again to "contract-in" to the political levy; and the affiliation of Civil Service unions to political organisations is once more to be forbidden. Iron and steel—key points in the capitalist citadel—are to be stoutly defended against nationalisation; and "a wide measure of freedom" is to be restored to road transport, the Liverpool cotton market and certain parts of civil aviation. But industries whose profitability under private enterprise has departed are to be left in the hands of the State: a Tory Government would not de-nationalise coal, or the railways; and the Bank of England Act would be modified only to the extent of possibly limiting the powers of the Bank to give directives to the commercial banks as to their lending and investment policies. As for the great issue of "controls," from which Lord Woolton and the leader writers of the Tory press have derived their ammunition for cannonades against bureaucratic tyranny, the pledge is given that rationing will be continued until scarcity is overtaken by abundance and the necessities of life are "within reach of every family."

All this will no doubt cause disappointment to the stalwarts of the Primrose League who growled, with bristling hackles, at last year's Blackpool Conference of the Conservative Party. They will see in Mr. Butler's handiwork a weak-kneed appeasement of Morrisonian gradualism, calculated to bring the honoured grey hairs of Sir Waldron Smithers in sorrow to the grave. Such captious criticism of the *Industrial Charter* is unjustified. Its authors have been astute enough to realise that the clock cannot be put back. As they say, "the complexity of modern industry and our position as a debtor country make it impossible for us to revert to a policy of 'go-as-you-please.' There must be strong central guidance." Capitalism must be preserved; but in order that private endeavour may be free "from the taunt of selfishness or self-interest," it must be "on terms with authority"—a nicely-chosen phrase to clothe the type of concordat whose implications Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain understood so well. For what the terms are, Mr. Butler's rescue party indicates clearly enough in its definition of the Tory conception of State planning. The whole emphasis is placed on "delegated power." That is, the State may be allowed to settle the broad framework for a national economic plan and to allocate resources in the way of raw materials and fuel as between industries; but within each industry the appropriate trade association, with no "meddlesome interference" from the State, should have the responsibility of sub-allocating the global quotas.

Here, in short, is the raw monopolistic milk in a respectably shaved and polished coconut. Entrenched in cartels and price-fixing rings, Big Business would secure a renewed and timeless charter to continue, "on terms with authority," the policies of restrictionism, in which—at the cost of millions of unemployed—it sought in the inter-war period to buttress profits and the sacred rights of vested interests. Should any restrictive practices be shown to be against the public interest, "we should expect that in most cases . . . they would be dropped." We pay Mr. Butler and his committee ungrudging tribute of admiration for this simple faith. Or can it be that they are less naive than they appear, and that the *Industrial Charter* is an ingenious camouflage over the retention by the F.B.I. of its hold on the real levers of economic power? The consumer, they suggest, can be protected in the last resort by right of appeal to a statutory commission of investigation into monopolistic prices. The American working-class consumer knows the value of such nominal protection against Big Business.

### Food Crisis in Germany

The renewed acute food crisis in the British Zone of Germany is in the main the product of three factors—the failure of the U.S. Government to ship American wheat to the Reich on the promised scale; the food hoarding by farmers, connived at to some extent by the German officials of the unpurged Food Organisation (*Reichsnaehrstand*); and American insistence on federalism, which has created in the American Zone autonomous *Länder* whose administrations tend inevitably to deal with food supplies on a narrow, parochial view of self-interest. The unhappy resultant of these three factors has been aggravated by the failure of the Moscow Conference to give the German people any hope for the future: the consequence has been the growth of sullen refusal either to co-operate in working for the general rehabilitation of Germany or to tolerate the continuance of existing privation. It is idle to put all the blame on the shoulders either of the German farmer or the German administrator. The German agriculturist is reputed to be shockingly callous about starvation in the towns, but the plain truth is that there is no known way of persuading farmers in any country to deliver food when there are no consumers' goods to be procured in return. As to the German administrators, it is useless to expect them to function honestly and efficiently when they are given little real power by the military Occupation. It is now manifest that the fusion of the British and the American Zones has provided no solution to the problem. If America, which alone possesses the necessary resources, does not intend to assume the burden of subsidising the Western Zones on an immense scale—and nothing less than that will meet the case—

then the attitude taken by Mr. Marshall at Moscow in standing out against the economic unification of the Reich, except on terms which he knew would be totally unacceptable to the Russians, was irresponsible in the highest degree.

## Uno and Palestine

After weeks of intensive lobbying by the Jews and Arabs and of intrigues by the Great Powers, the Political Committee has at last reached its conclusions on procedure. They are, in effect, a victory for the views of the Colonial Secretary and a double defeat for the Arab States. In the first place, the Arab proposal immediately to stage a general debate on the issue of Palestinian independence and so to forestall another fact-finding commission has been frustrated, although in the course of the proceedings both the Arab and the Jewish cases were put frequently and at great length. In the second place, the fact-finding commission is to be a small body composed of representatives of small countries and not, as the Soviet Union and the Arabs desired, a large body including the Great Powers. This means, of course, that there is now a far better chance that the problem will be examined on its merits. The endless wrangles which preceded the final votes were useful in so far as they illuminated the attitude of the various Powers. The Soviet Union, despite one or two gestures to the Jews, came down heavily on the side of the Arab States. Its main objective will clearly be to ensure that any solution excludes the possibility of a British base in Palestine. Partition, therefore, may still obtain Russian support. Poland and Czechoslovakia, despite their known sympathies with Zionist aspirations, kept very close to the Russian line, while the Latin Americans were clearly ready to follow an American lead if the Americans had been prepared to give one. But they were not, and they sought not very successfully to hide their embarrassment by an air of impartiality. In these circumstances the British representatives and the smaller Powers which view the problem without *parti pris* got their way and the nineteenth commission sets forth for Palestine.

## Five-day Coal Output

The output figures for the first five-day week in the coal industry are encouraging, but give no room for complacency. If the amount of coal lost through the Durham winders' strike and the incidence of two statutory holidays in Scotland be added to tonnage actually raised, then the rate of production was theoretically about on a level with that of recent weeks. Coming summer holidays, however, must be reckoned with; and there will have to be a considerable stepping up of output during the autumn if even the target of 200 million tons is to be reached. And this target, it is increasingly clear, will barely suffice our needs. At the cost of gambling to some extent on milder weather next winter, industry is being given an allocation of about 21 million tons during the summer months for current use; but, even so, this meets only 80 per cent. of industry's requirements for full employment. It is still too soon to judge at what level production under the five-day week will settle down when the initial difficulties of re-adjustment have been overcome; but it is manifest that the necessary increase in output will not be secured unless the Coal Board makes unremitting efforts both to increase the number of available "places" for face workers (who still number less than 290,000 men) and to press on with mechanisation, mechanical loading and haulage underground, and the expansion of winding capacity and siding and transport facilities.

## Chaos in China

Kuomintang China is faced with the worst financial crisis since the end of the war. In spite of recent shufflings in the Government, the confusion caused by violent fluctuations in rice prices grows deeper, and informed opinion in China asks whether any Government reorganisation can avert economic collapse. Inflation breeds demoralisation, and speculation is rife, especially amongst Chinese officials. In Shanghai last week there were rice riots and the threat of a general hunger strike, whilst in Hangchow the inflation in the price of rice caused looting on a scale that compelled the city administration to dump a large quantity of rice on the market to lower prices. The Government in Nanking is faced with an impossible dilemma; it cannot hope for political stability without almost limitless American financial support, and this support is likely to be withheld until there is some hope of stability. In any case civil war means chaos. The Kuomintang and the Communists are now fighting in three main sectors—in the Yenan area, in Shantung province and in Manchuria. The Communist armies, regrouped after the fall of Yenan, have captured important towns in Shansi province in their campaign to break through a 1,000 mile corridor into Harbin. They are now approaching the strategic railway centre of Taiyuan.

## The State and the Universities

With an abundance of public money now flowing into the coffers of the Universities, there is a growing concern lest the State which pays the piper should call the tune. Exchequer grants to the Universities have been stepped up from £2,000,000 before the war to £9,000,000 a year, rising to £16,000,000 annually in the next five years. Four-fifths of University funds will then come from national funds. In addition, special grants for equipment and endowments of specific researches are available through the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, the Medical Research Council, and the Agricultural Research Committee. There is also the astronomical figure of £60,000,000 for Defence research during the present year, in which the Universities may be involved. The Government has earnestly disavowed any intention of interfering with independence of the Universities as centres of learning and culture, and the risks lie more in the weakness of the University authorities than in attempted domination by the State. The British Association, therefore, did a commendable service to the public and to the Universities themselves in calling the Manchester Conference last week-end to discuss the place of the Universities in the community. Its President, Sir Henry Dale, did an even greater service in his challenge to the Universities to renounce all secret research contracts in time of peace. As Sir Henry stressed, the Universities must be dedicated to free and unprescribed research, to the widening of the boundaries of knowledge and the revelation of truth. They will betray their obligations to culture and the community if, in times of peace, they accept research contracts which restrain the publication of results or divert them from their proper lines of inquiry. That applies not only to the temptations of Government contracts but to the abuse of University resources and privileges practised by some professors in the interests of trade secrecy.

## Who Uses the Paper ?

The official statistics on the use of paper show that the book trade last year received 85.7 per cent. of its pre-war supplies. This compares very favourably with the quota of 29.7 per cent. allotted to newspapers or the 29.3 per cent. given to periodicals. Printing and wrapping each consumes about two-thirds of the 1938 total. These figures emphasise again—as Mr. Belcher rightly pointed out in the House of Commons—that the delays and difficulties in book production are due as much to bottlenecks in printing and binding as to an overall shortage of paper. The Board of Trade's decision to secure additional machinery shows that the Government realises that the book trade requires help, especially in its attempt to meet the lack of text-books. Educational publishers are also to be allotted an additional thousand tons from the dwindling paper reserve. Although technical difficulties cause delay, it is the shortage of paper that prevents the publication of books. It is true that last year publishers received a high proportion of their 1938 supplies, but there are big arrears to be made up and an enormously increased demand to be met. They now fear that they will receive much less paper this year. Is it possible to reduce the consumption of the Stationery Office and other Government Departments, now swollen to 177 per cent. of pre-war ? While many official publications should undoubtedly receive priority — and nobody who has called for larger and more satisfactory public relations services by this Government can deny its claim on paper for these purposes—are not some economies available ? Food wrappings, still the largest category with an allotment of 905,000 tons a year, would seem to offer room for cuts. But how much wrapping is waste and how much essential to hygienic and convenient food distribution ? The short-term problem can be solved by juggling with quotas : in the long-run, an expansion of our paper-producing capacity is indispensable.

## The Plan for Cotton

The cotton plan recommended some time ago by the Working Party and adopted by the Government is now ready to start, sufficient assurances having been received from the firms concerned in the various sections of the industry of their willingness to co-operate. This means that the Government will be prepared to supply capital for the thorough modernisation of plant and equipment, on condition that the firms amalgamate, where need is, into large enough units to hold out the promise of efficient production and economical use of that now very scarce "factor of production"—labour. The cotton industry is now about to do, one hopes, under pressure of labour shortage what all its inter-war difficulties never induced it to do—that is, to concentrate its resources upon more efficient units and to eliminate some of the redundant varieties of product forced on it by the multiplicity of small firms and by the consequent power of the merchant over production. The experiment is interesting not only on account of its possible effect in putting the cotton industry back on its feet, but also as the first example of an attempt by the Labour Government to reorganise an industry while leaving it under private ownership and management. Clearly, there are a number of other important industries which can, if thought fit, be tackled in the same way; and the good or bad working of the present experiment may have a considerable influence on the shaping of Labour's plans for further socialisation.

## The Report on Wool

The Wool Industry has not reached so advanced a stage; and the just published Report of its Working Party indicates that in the view of its members no such drastic steps are called for as in the case of cotton. The industry asks for no State subsidy; but it does propose the setting up of a Joint Advisory Council under an impartial chairman, including outside members as well as employers and Trade Unionists in the industry, and it recommends that this body should become "a recognised channel of communication between the Government and the industry." Whether the woollen and worsted trades will be able to take their appropriate place in building up British exports without more reorganisation than the Report envisages is very much a moot point; but it can be agreed that its problems are at any rate much less urgent and fundamental than those of cotton, and that the main immediate necessity is to build up the depleted working force—which can no more be done than in the cotton industry without a substantial improvement in wages and working conditions.

## PARLIAMENT: Competence Matters

*Wednesday.*

No one could fail to observe the extraordinary difference between the atmosphere of the Chamber this week and last. Whatever complaints the Tories may have about the use of the Guillotine—and they were very ably answered by Herbert Morrison before Monday's debate began—they have had nothing but praise for the handling of the Town and Country Planning Bill by Lewis Silkin and Fred Marshall. On the Opposition side, "Shakes" Morrison and Manningham Buller were equally impressive. Here is a quartet which really knows its job, and it has been supported by a handful of well-informed back-benchers including Gilbert MacAllister and Medland on the Government side, and Thornton Kemsley and Henry Strauss among the Conservatives. The rest of the House has been well content to enjoy the sunshine on the terrace and to leave the Report stage to the experts who were dealing with it in Standing Committee. It is, no doubt, unsatisfactory that such a revolutionary measure should be adopted with so little comprehension. But no amount of extra time and certainly no Committee of the full House would have changed this. Seldom have so many clauses been understood by so few. But the few were first-rate and that is what matters in the House of Commons.

The same cannot be said of the National Service Bill, a relatively simple amending Act which has already consumed four days in Committee of the full House and is still unfinished. The debate on the Second Reading had already shown that, whereas George Isaacs had the confidence of the House, the Minister of Defence had not. Moreover, the procedure chosen for granting a reduction of the period of service to twelve months could not have been more inept. It was obvious that Mr. Alexander and Mr. Bellenger would be severely tested in Committee. After spending the whole of Tuesday in debating the "dis-united Kingdom"—an enjoyable field-day for Scots, Welsh and Irish orators, but a pure waste of time—the House settled down on Tuesday afternoon to the big issue—eighteen months or twelve. Mr. Alexander was equally unsuccessful in leading to Mr. Churchill or in responding to Mr. Eden, whose speech, if less dramatic than Mr. Churchill's, had far more substance to it. A number of excellent speeches from the back benches on both sides showed that there was no serious objection to twelve months from the point of view of training and that the real issue was the size of the armed forces necessary in 1950. On this Mr. Alexander was as evasive as in previous debates.

The all-night sitting which followed and the debates on Thursday and Friday were certainly not waste of time—there was no obstruction—but they should have been largely unnecessary. Throughout the competence of George Isaacs and Ness Edwards stood out in disconcerting contrast with the bluff haziness of their Service colleagues. Time after time clauses had to be discussed at length because the Minister showed only too clearly that he did not understand the plan which he was trying to explain. The more the House learnt, for instance, of the scheme for part-time training, the more half-baked it seemed. At one point Fred Bellenger assured the Committee that there will be no penalty for non-attendance. Half an hour later Mr. Alexander gave a solemn assurance that penalties will be enforced, and finally the Attorney-General added to the confusion by remarking that the penalty would be quite a small sum, say, £5.

Earlier on there had been an excellent discussion on the use of conscripts in industrial disputes initiated by Walter Ayles, the best spokesman of the pacifists; and after breakfast on Thursday morning, the indefatigable George Wigg moved an amendment on education which revealed that two University Members, Mr. Pickthorn and Mr. Strauss, had a cynical disbelief in education for conscripts. By an error, the amendment, which had been turned down, was included in the Bill. Another remarkable incident occurred during the discussion of the clause which makes it possible to continue National Service by Order in Council. Labour Members objected and Mr. Alexander replied that the Order could, after all, be amended by a Prayer. This finished off an exhausted and disgruntled House. Even newcomers know by now that an Order in Council can only be annulled by a Prayer and cannot be amended. It was left to a Tory Brigadier to ask how a Minister could survive such a performance. Labour Members preferred to remember the competence with which every other major measure has been handled.

PHINEAS

# ECONOMICS AND IDEOLOGY

It may well be that Mr. Bevin's brief visit to Warsaw on his way home from the Moscow Conference marked a turning-point in his direction of British foreign policy. Mr. Bevin is not, as many people believe, a man of dogma. He has imagination and can easily be fired by personal experience. A few hours in Warsaw were enough to show him that Poland is not a province of the U.S.S.R. but a nation which is trying to reconcile freedom with contiguity to a great Power, and that Polish Socialists can collaborate with Communists without thereby losing their principles. Above all, he saw the ghastly devastation wrought by the Germans, and he realises that the reconstruction of civilised life is a motive stronger than any ideology. We may now reasonably hope that he will establish with the new Poland as cordial relations as he has already achieved with the new Czechoslovakia. Thereby he will help to revive a European spirit strong enough to enliven the torpid proceedings of the European Economic Committee now in session at Geneva.

Mr. Harold Wilson's journey to Moscow has been equally fruitful. He found the Russians in optimistic mood and eager to talk business. They seemed to have recovered from the mood of ferocious gloom into which last year's catastrophic harvest had thrown them. Now they anticipate a surplus of timber available for export and, if a drought does not spoil the present prospects of a bumper harvest, a surplus of wheat and other cereals. Moreover, the goods which they require in return are such as we should be able to supply. Neither the Russians nor the Labour Government can afford to bank on the prospects of large-scale trade this year, but what is certain is that both sides are genuinely desirous of exchanging all they can. The new Truman Doctrine has had no influence on them in this regard.

The puzzled layman who has watched the implacable disagreements of the Moscow Conference and the unedifying intrigues of Uno on Palestine may well be surprised by these sudden signs of diplomatic sanity between a Western and an Eastern Power. How, he may ask, can a British Labour Government, whose representatives in America unreservedly welcomed President Truman's declaration of political warfare against Communism, establish cordial relations with a member of the Russian *bloc* and begin trade negotiations with Russia itself? How can Russia, whose bitterest attacks have always been reserved for the imperialism of the British Labour aristocracy, turn round suddenly and talk business with Mr. Bevin's lieutenant?

The answer is simple enough. In the last resort economic necessity—at least in the period immediately after one war, when no one can afford another—may prove stronger than ideological prejudice. Each in its own way, Russia and Britain have been ruined by war along with the whole of Europe. The world to-day is divided in a new sense into have and have-not Powers. The New World grew prosperous by war, increased its productivity and raised its standard of living. The rest of us, from London to Stalingrad and Chungking, were in greater or less degree blitzed, impoverished and devastated. Our hemisphere is now paying for six years of systematic destruction from which the Americas emerged stronger and wealthier than before.

It is this simple economic fact which cuts across the ideological conflict between the Eastern and the Western *bloc* and may be possibly strong enough to render that conflict harmless. Mr. Bevin knows that our present dependence on America is wholly unnatural. It is in default of Danish butter and bacon and of animal feeding stuffs for our own farmers that we have to import, at inflated prices, vast quantities of dairy produce from America. It is because Australian wheat has had to be diverted to India and Burma, to replace Siamese rice and avert a famine, that our wheat imports from the New World have had to be stepped up, and we have been put at the mercy of the speculators of the Chicago grain market. It is because Russian and Finnish timber has not been available and because we cannot offer the Swedes the coal which they require in exchange, that our housing programme has been made entirely dependent on timber supplies from Canada and the U.S.A. The natural flow of our trade is to Europe and Asia, and our economy cannot be fully restored until this flow has been resumed and until, together with Europe, we have achieved sufficient economic strength to stand up to American competition.

The resumption, therefore, of commercial relations with Eastern Europe and with Russia is a necessity to our survival which overrides President Truman's directive that the Western Democracies should manage their trade on ideological lines. In the long run, moreover, it is essential to American prosperity. Up till now, America has avoided a post-war slump by getting rid of its surplus foodstuffs and goods either as free gifts to Unrra or on the basis of loans. Though her exports are only a small percentage of her total production, they are sufficient to make all the difference between boom and slump. With the end of Unrra and dollar shortage acute in all the devastated countries, America is faced with a prospect of economic disaster as her exports dwindle and prices constantly collapse. Congress may still regard loans and free gifts as a costly extravagance. But the Adminstration knows better—as Dean Acheson's farewell speech on the need for foreign lending amply shows. To avoid a catastrophic depression, America needs during the next two years, to provide dollars, not (as Mr. Acheson wants) to a few strategic areas threatened by Communism but to the customers without whose purchasing power an expanding capitalist economy must collapse. The free gifts to Unrra have saved American economy since the war. The United States must now find new ways of exporting a surplus for which no one can afford to pay fully and immediately. In the long run her alternative to collapse is to revive the British, Russian and European economies.

But Mr. Bevin inevitably is chiefly concerned with the next two years. In 1947, we are spending the dollar loan, month by month, twice as fast as in 1946, largely owing to the rise in American prices and to the burden of our commitments in Germany and in the Middle East. By the spring of 1948, unless we can find alternative sources of supply, outside the New World, the loan will be exhausted and we shall be at the mercy of a Congress still largely unaware of America's responsibility as a creditor country. Mr. Bevin realises that he must take immediate steps to develop any and every alternative source of supply on either side of the Iron Curtain. This in itself is sufficient to explain his change of attitude to Poland and the trade conversations in Moscow. However successful this new diplomacy may be, it will provide no solution for the most urgent problem which faces us. Week by week the situation in Germany is going from bad to worse. The promised result of Anglo-American fusion has not been fulfilled. On the contrary, conditions in the British Zone have grown steadily worse since the fusion was made. The main reason for this has been the failure of the Americans to collect and to deliver the food surplus which is piling up in the three *Länder* under their control. Devoted to the idea of a weak federal Germany, they have devolved responsibility on three virtually independent German administrations, which have shown no willingness to extract from the peasants of Bavaria, Würtemberg and Hesse the surplus which is due.

Last week-end Lord Pakenham visited Düsseldorf and seems to have been as deeply moved as Mr. Bevin was in Warsaw. He obviously realises what countless observers have been telling Mr. Hynd during the last six months. Complete disaster can only be avoided in the short run by large-scale food imports from the New World.

Since the fusion plan the British Treasury has been paying in dollars the cost of all the imports into both the British and the American Zone, owing to the failure of the administration in Washington to obtain the necessary consent of Congress. It cost us nearly £150 million last year to maintain a near-starvation standard of life in the British Zone. It is likely to cost us nearly as much this year to achieve as miserable a result. It is fantastic that Britain should continue to sustain this financial burden which is dragging us into bankruptcy at home and odium in Germany. Mr. Bevin should bluntly tell the people of the United States that, while Britain of course will continue to carry out her responsibilities as an Occupying Power, the situation can only be saved by the United States. What is necessary is a clearly thought-out lend-lease policy (such as Mr. Lippmann proposes as part of a business proposal for a genuinely united Europe)—not the melodramatic dispatch of last-minute relief ships.

It is reliably reported that in view of the dollar crisis the Cabinet is considering further drastic food cuts. But how far can the British people be expected patiently to tolerate a further cut in their standard of living while the dollar loan, which was obtained in order to tide over our period of reconversion, is being used up, month by month, in buying American foodstuffs and raw materials for Western Germany? In the long run Britain and Europe can live and prosper from their own resources. But in the next two years American dollars are needed not to fight an arid ideological battle against Communism but to stave off starvation and so permit the revival of a Europe without which America cannot hope to prosper.

## THE AMERICAN LEFT

DURING the past few weeks the Americans have been indulging in a demonstration of national unity behind the Truman Doctrine that has not been surpassed since the citizens of Ephesus shouted "Great is Diana of the Ephesians" for the space of three hours. As a part of the campaign Henry Wallace was as thoroughly denounced as any man since Roosevelt. His criticism of the Administration's foreign policy was almost ignored when originally delivered in the comparative privacy of an American radio network, but it created paroxysms of rage when delivered to some 3,000 Londoners. For by speaking abroad Wallace punctured the myth of national unity which it was hoped would frighten the Russians into hopeless surrender.

What Wallace proclaimed so early is now generally obvious: that the Truman Doctrine does not dispose of Russia. Such Conservatives as Lippmann, Stassen and the *Herald Tribune* are now demanding a more positive policy designed to arrive at some settlement with the Soviet. Mr. Marshall and Mr. Dulles in their reports on Moscow both emphasise the importance of the recovery of Europe. The International Bank—which gets half its money from the U.S. Treasury and all its policy from the U.S. State Department—is making a loan to France. But this positive policy is being crimped by the anti-Soviet fervour of the Congress which the Administration aroused to suit its short term purpose. The House has voted every penny Mr. Hoover asked to hunt for Communists, but cut $125 million from the Foreign Relief Bill.

Others have criticised Wallace recently with an eye to the effect on the domestic political scene. Harry Truman, who last November looked like giving Andrew Johnson a run for the bottom place in Presidential popularity, has recovered his prestige at an amazing rate and will undoubtedly be the Democratic presidential nominee next year. So shrewd a politician as Ed. Kelly of Chicago predicted of Truman that "if he is not knocked down by a freight train he will be around the White House a long time."

The Republicans, who cannot rely on freight trains, are sufficiently worried to wish to divide the Democratic party. They know that if the President can be forced to read Wallace out of the party, his chances of re-election will be almost extinguished; for, though Wallace's fervent supporters are few, he represents the conscience of the American Liberals, restraining many whom he cannot persuade. There is already Republican pressure, and as the elections draw nearer it will be increased, to force Vandenberg to demand that as the price of a bi-partisan foreign policy the President should denounce Wallace and those who want any accommodation with Russia.

The most bitter comments on Wallace's crusade have come from his old friends on the Left, who have bombarded Britain with warnings that the ex-Vice-President is now a man of no importance in his own country. This seems strange only to those who do not know of the feud which now exists between the two Left-wing groups, which are subdividing between them the diminished flock of Liberals.

The death of Roosevelt left the New Dealers without a leader and without a positive policy; the succession of the Truman Conservatives deprived them of their control in the party, and the Democratic defeat in November utterly destroyed their influence on the Government. Cogitating amongst the ruins the remnants of the New Deal attributed their repudiation, by those same people who two years previously had re-elected Roosevelt, to the strength of popular anti-Soviet feeling. This had not merely broken their support amongst the previously solid foreign elements—such as Poles, Czechs and Hungarians—but had frightened many Trade Unionists into the Republican fold. Faced with this situation the Left had to decide whether to try to meet the threat of reaction by closing their ranks, or by proving their virtue and expelling Communists. On this issue the Left split in America—as it has in so many countries. The Progressive Citizens of America chose a United Left, the Americans for Democratic Action tried to make a clean break with Communists.

The P.C.A. was created shortly after the elections by the amalgamation of the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions—a group of writers, film stars and artists headed by the sculptor, Jo. Davidson—and the National Citizens Political Action Committee, which had been formed by Frank Kingdon to get out the vote for Liberal candidates in the elections. It was supported by the leaders of the extreme Left-wing unions in the C.I.O. Henry Wallace, though not an officer of the P.C.A., keynoted their first meeting by demanding unity against reaction, "the real threat to America," and a less belligerent policy towards the U.S.S.R.

The A.D.A. was formed during the same week in strong opposition to P.C.A.'s policy of accommodation with Russia and Communists. Its original manifesto rejected "any association with Communists or sympathisers with Communism in the United States." They gave as their reason for this ban that Communists had no right in an organisation dedicated to liberal, democratic and American ideals, since their loyalties were Russian, their methods un-democratic and their aims illiberal. In private, the A.D.A. spends much of its time justifying so uncompromising an attitude towards a persecuted minority. They argue that in the present mood of the country the taint of fellow-travelling is fatal; therefore there must be a clean break; this alone would prevent Communist infiltration

These sincere arguments only serve to emphasise the crying need of the American Left for an ideology of their own to unite them, instead of reactions to other ideologies which can only divide. Already American liberals have come to realise that, while they cannot be strong if they associate closely with Communists, they cannot be united if they simply oppose Communism. Unfortunately the P.C.A. is unlikely to supply any such basis of unity, for it is divided between non-Socialist Democrats—such as Wallace—and a residue of fellow-travellers. The A.D.A. has little more cohesion. When it was formed its ranks were also joined by a number of prominent New Dealers such as Chester Bowles and Leon Henderson (both heads of the office of Price Administration), Wilson Wyatt (housing expediter), Elmer Davis (head of War Information) and Mrs. Roosevelt and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.

But the organisation is already showing some signs of a split over its reaction to Truman's policy towards Reds at home and abroad. Those who place their emphasis on democratic action are appalled at the purge, which will deprive civil servants of their means of livelihood without trial, without proof of any overt action, simply on suspicion of "sympathetic association" with groups "designated as subversive by the Attorney-General"; those who emphasise the anti-Communist planks believe the end justifies the means. Similarly at a recent conference of the A.D.A. a motion to approve the Truman Doctrine was passed by a narrow margin, only after prolonged debate. The Joy-through-Strength boys, such as the Alsop brothers, and veteran anti-Russians such as Dave Dubinsky of the American Liberal Party, heartily approved the doctrine as a bold strategic blow against the Soviet, while purists such as Charles Bolte (American Veterans) found the Turks as unpleasant bedfellows as the Reds.

Even in the face of very drastic anti-Labour legislation, which amongst other things deprives Labour of the right to a closed shop or industry-wide bargaining, there seems little chance that the Left will abandon the policy of dividing to be ruled. Labour is paralysed by its concentration on the Communist problem. The A.F. of L. has always been strenuously anti-Communist since it was purged in the '20s by John L. Lewis; the C.I.O. includes many unions which are said to be Communist-dominated. Philip Murray—president of C.I.O. and himself a staunch Catholic—has managed to avoid splitting his organisation on the Communist issue, but his balancing act becomes more and more difficult as the anti-Red hysteria drives people to extremes. Murray has discreetly withdrawn from the P.C.A.—of which he was a founding member—and requested his C.I.O. associates to remain outside the quarrel. But in fact the internecine strife of the C.I.O. is now carried on through P.C.A. and A.D.A. Such unions as the United Automobile Workers, which is deeply split on the Communist issue, provide from their executive committee vice-presidents for both A.D.A. and P.C.A.

There is even less chance than a year ago that a third party of any importance will be started. The Communists are committed to constructing a Labour Party in America, but they could never do so themselves, and cannot at present persuade any large segment of labour to join them. The anti-Communist Left regard their mission as being to regain control of the Democratic Party. To start a third party would, they maintain, be to suggest that their doctrine would not fit into the basic Americanism of both the old parties. A recent Gallup poll shows that only 19 per cent of the A.F. of L. and 28 per cent of the C.I.O. wish for a third party, while 43 per cent and 31 per cent respectively wish Labour to withdraw from politics altogether.

Without a party organisation, or a common ideology, only the magnetism of a great leader can pull the liberals together again, and it is too much to expect two F.D.R.'s in one generation.

JOHN MORTON

# A LONDON DIARY

I GATHER that Harold Wilson's statement on the prospects of Anglo-Russian trade was more cautious than the facts warranted. Rightly he did not want either to encourage hopes that may yet be disappointed or to arouse a demand for the immediate end of bread rationing. All the same it is encouraging to know that this year's Soviet harvest, if there is no repetition of last year's drought, will be big enough to provide three million tons of wheat for export. There is also a prospect of a satisfactory timber release next year. The machinery and other goods the Russians need are, I'm told, relatively easy for us to supply. But the most important point is that the possibility, to put it no higher, of a wheat surplus in what has since the war been a deficiency area should be sufficient to break the Chicago price ring which has been holding us up to ransom. If coal would be our best ambassador in Europe, Russian wheat will be a resounding diplomatic success in this country.

* * *

A story is told that in Queen Victoria's younger days one of her ladies-in-waiting unthinkingly spoke of being as "happy as a queen" and then stopped confused. Queen Victoria, however, said: "It is all right, my dear, a queen is a very happy person." I have often wondered how far this could still be true of any member of a royal family in these days of exaggerated publicity. I expect the royal family enjoyed their home-coming; the sea voyage home, when it was sometimes possible to have a game or walk about the deck without being photographed, and the crowd in gala mood on a sunny day at Portsmouth—that may have been all rather fun. But what a bore it must be always to have to smile, to be gracious to fifty people a day whom one does not know and whose acquaintance one would have no opportunity of cultivating. And how exasperating to do a tour of a politically and economically complicated country like South Africa and never to be able to see things for one-self, never to be able to ask awkward questions or, in the informal way which alone leads to the discovery of truth, to delve into the sordid and difficult problems of poverty or race relations! The royal family perform their ceremonial functions with dignity—and more, with charm. But I would like to know what they really say to each other on the rare occasions when they are alone and off duty.

* * *

I learn that the Prime Minister gave a sympathetic hearing to the points about the Bankside power station raised by a deputation of Labour M.P.s. It is admittedly a very difficult issue. If it lay purely between aesthetics and utility, I have no doubt utility would win. The Minister argues that to scrap the Bankside scheme would lose a year in getting a fuel station that is urgently required. I have heard the reply that as the power station would be run on oil the time taken in constructing oil storage would nullify the advantage of speed. On the aesthetic side no one ought to be quite sure that a well-designed power station will damage the view of St. Paul's. But there are many complexities. Though it will be twenty or thirty years before this part of the South Bank is developed, it is argued that the area round a power station would be unsuitable for homes, public grounds and theatres and that it would in fact become industrialised, to the complete destruction of the fine L.C.C. plan. Obviously the long-run arguments are all against the Bankside site.

* * *

In a Kiel bookshop, my friend picked up a copy of *Vom Winde Verweht*, the German edition of *Gone with the Wind*. "What's your offer?" said the girl assistant. "Twelve marks, fifty pfennigs," he said, pointing to the price scribbled inside the cover. "Oh, no," said the girl, "you can't pay for it. You can only exchange other books for it." This shop worked on the same principle as the *Tauschzentralen* you find in every German town, where goods can be swapped on the basis of their pre-war values. "Then," said my friend, "can I give you three Edgar Wallace novels worth four marks each and fifty pfennigs in cash?" The girl thought this a poor offer. "No," she said, "but I will take a Thomas Mann or a Somerset Maugham. Huxley would be even better. We've had a lot of inquiries from old customers." The lending library worked on a similar system. My friend sold the shop an Edgar Wallace thriller at its original price. After that he paid fifty pfennigs for every book he borrowed. This story emphasises the appalling scarcity of books in Germany to-day. Apart from the loss of big public and university libraries, thousands of people lost their personal collections in the destruction of their homes. Such new books as are published are normally printed in tiny editions and there seems to be little attempt to give priority to really important books. In any case, periodicals and newspapers are making heavy inroads into the limited paper supplies. In the American Zone, for instance, book publishers only receive one quarter of the available paper. In Hamburg, one publisher issues a new novel every month which is printed and folded like a newspaper. Each novel, in an edition of one hundred thousand, sells out on the day of publication. One answer to the shortage may be a freer trade in books between the Zones. In the Russian Zone, particularly, quite large editions of the German classics are being published. But Germany will be desperately short of books for many years to come.

* * *

Col. Rees-Williams has just arrived back from an enviable two months' stay in Burma. He went out as official chairman of a Commission appointed to reach an agreed settlement between the hill peoples and the new Burmese Government of Aung San. I gather that agreement was reached without too much difficulty, and I hope that before long the public will have Rees-Williams' report, which will, no doubt, include some account of his stay among the Shans and other frontier tribes. Apparently these very remote peoples, whom it is now almost impossible to reach except by aeroplane, are extremely well-informed about Britain, especially about the British House of Commons. Detailed accounts of British politics are supplied to them by Reuters in their newspapers and no doubt some of them can also hear the wireless. One day Rees-Williams was astonished to find grave head-shaking amongst some tribal chiefs who said that they were deeply concerned about the news from Britain. "What has happened?" asked Rees-Williams. Was there another coal crisis, or a general strike, or had the Government fallen or what? No, they had read in their papers that Mr. Churchill had been rebuked in the House of Commons by the Speaker. It seemed to them a shocking thing that so important an Englishman as Mr. Churchill should have been accused of "gate-crashing" by the Speaker during Question Time. The incident, which was scarcely noticed here, assumed vast proportions to these peoples who regard the Speaker as a kind of Great White Chief whose lightnings forever blast anyone, however eminent, who dares incur his wrath.

* * *

Many who had no chance to hear Henry Wallace speak in this country will be glad to read the full text of his London and Manchester speeches. They are reprinted in pamphlet form (*Reynolds News*, sixpence), together with his Sunday broadcast and a "profile" by H. N. Brailsford that appeared in this journal. Some of Wallace's newspaper and Parliamentary critics may also like to acquaint themselves with what he actually said. They may be, for instance, surprised to learn that his main theme was the proper use of American wealth and power, and that when in office last summer he advocated a loan to Greece. He was opposed by the State Department, on the ground, I believe, that the Greek Government was too untrustworthy and unrepresentative to warrant economic aid from the United States.

CRITIC

## THIS ENGLAND

**A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to M. de L. Cartledge.**

**Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.**

S—, builder's joiner, who was alleged to have assaulted and beaten his foreman during a discussion as to whether the morning brew of tea should be taken standing up or sitting down, was bound over for 12 months and ordered to pay £2 10s. costs at Eccles yesterday.—*Manchester Guardian.*

"Railway Refreshment Establishment" means any place of refreshment at a railway station being a place of refreshment.—*Wages Regulation (licensed non-resident Establishment) Order* 1946 (*S.R. & O.* 1946 *no.* 2258).

A 25-year-old soldier witness who was unable to read the oath at Aldershot to-day told the magistrates he was attached to the Intelligence Corps Depot.—*Evening News.*

In a chemist shop I heard a customer ask for a baby food. Asked by the assistant what kind she would like, she replied she wanted one suitable for a puppy.—Letter in *Sunday Express.*

To cure his snoring, J. Hewitson (Postbag, April 27) should strap his mouth from side to side with stamp-edging or something similar before going to sleep.—Letter in *Sunday Chronicle.*

## BANKSIDE 1977

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon Bankside,
And on the London County Council sward,
And on plain building masses that surround
The Power Station of the Central Board
With simple and symmetric chimneys crowned,
Severe and dignified!
How worthy is this tasteful edifice,
With halls and housing clustered at its base,
To beautify with rectilinear grace
Our new technocracy's Metropolis!

Here let us view the composite design,
Now moonbeams silver Morrison's Museum,
And play upon the Attlee Institute
And aluminium Laskian Lyceum
Where cultural discussion-groups dispute,
While with continuous whine
The humming of the steady dynamo
Mingles in music with the murmurous throng
Outside the Civic Strachey Restaurant,
Or on the Priestley Theatre portico.

Here on the Town and Country Planners' site,
The temples of the sooticultural zone
Aesthetics and amenities provide,
Non-functional construction is unknown;
We see on the harmonious Surrey Side
No architectural blight;
But over Southwark Reach a shadow black
Bedims the Bankside's monolithic halls—
The oviform excrescence of St. Pauls'
Still overtops the Cultural Centre's stack.

The terraced City, block on cubist block,
Makes Wren's monstrosity more out of date—
Amorphous, over-decorated mass,
Vaster than structures built to generate
Power, or electricity or gas,
Hangover of *baroque*
This vulgar blemish all the vista mars.
Now we have cleared the warehouse, crane and wharf,
How long must this unsightly relic dwarf
The Silkin smoke-stack soaring to the stars?

SAGITTARIUS

# MADAGASCAR

(*From a Special Correspondent.*)

Fifty years ago France formally annexed the island of Madagascar, a country whose population is scarcely larger than that of Paris though its area is far greater than that of the whole of France. But there are no jubilee celebrations this year. On the contrary, there is a revolutionary rising similar to that which followed the original conquest of the island.

The issues in this new struggle are not altogether clear. For a long time the Malagasy people have shown considerable discontent with French control. Unrest has been particularly marked among the Hova intelligentsia, the advanced section of the tribe which inhabits the central province of Imerina, where the capital, Tananarive, is situated. Other groups have been restive, particularly the pagan Bara tribe in the extreme south of the island and the forest people of the eastern maritime province. The Hova, who are of Malay-Polynesian origin, have never taken kindly to French rule, which put an end to their own domination of the island. Several of their leaders were executed, their prime minister was banished, and their queen was sent to Algiers, where she died in exile. The Hova have never abandoned hope of a restoration. They pinned their faith on the promises of the Atlantic Charter, and when the British troops invaded the island in 1942, it seemed to them that at last the day of their liberation was dawning.

During the period of the Popular Front, there was agitation by Communist organisers from France. More recently the Indonesian struggle for independence, Britain's decision to evacuate India and Burma, and especially the war in Indo-China have encouraged the Malagasy Nationalist Movement. Until the rebellion, however, a demand for self-determination was voiced by properly elected representatives in the Assembly in Paris. These demands evoked little response, although the censorship of the press had been abolished when the war ended and the claims for independence could be published freely in a number of native journals, both in French and in the vernacular.

It is impossible to deny that the French administration in the island has incensed practically every group in the native community. It has lacked initiative and foresight and shown little sympathy with the aspirations of the Malagasy people. They have been bewildered, moreover, by the vacillating policies of the Administration, under Vichy domination, later of the Free French, and finally of Paris. There has been gross maladministration, shameless black market operations by the trading companies and Government officials. Petty and irritating laws have been applied with unfair discrimination against the native population. Distrust and opposition of the French has finally driven a great part of the Nationalist Movement to open revolt.

In the course of the war, when Malagasy troops had fought for France on many fronts, they had learnt the art of war and had gained a new self-confidence. Those that survived and returned to Madagascar were treated contemptuously in spite of their sacrifice. It took little to set off the rebellion which spread across the island as far south as Manakara and north to Diego-Suarez, and through the towns and villages of the forest area. The heaviest fighting has been at Moramanga, where the thousands of native troops were trained for the campaign in Indo-China.

Fortunately, for Madagascar and for France, the present Governor, M. de Coppet, who was appointed to Madagascar twelve months ago, is an experienced and sympathetic administrator. He was given full powers when he was appointed, but his task is colossal, for the Government of the Colony had deteriorated and France's prestige had never fallen so low. Settlement of the present discontent which can only temporarily be suppressed by force, will be secured only by a genuine attempt to redress the legitimate grievances of the people. The time has come when Madagascar should be given progressive self-government, at least to the same degree as it has been promised to Dutch and British colonial peoples. Repressive imperialism cannot provide an answer to the Malagasy demand for self-determination.

# JARROW

Wild flowers, pink and gold, flourish on London's blitzed sites. On the mile-long waterfront of Jarrow, where Palmers works stood, nothing grows save here and there a tuft of desolate grass, sooty but livid against the coal-grimed earth. Inland from this desolation the town that Sir James Lithgow and National Shipbuilders Security, Ltd., "murdered" lives strangely on. On the outskirts are the decent new housing estates, started by Labour when it won a majority on the Council in 1935. Since the beginning of Hitler's war the people of Jarrow have had work and wages: they are better fed to-day than in the hungry inter-war years, when desperation led to the march on Westminster. But the work lies mostly outside the borough, which has become a sub-standard dormitory.

Palmers had a pay-roll of 10,000 men. To-day Jarrow's own industries—the graving dock, the tube works, the metal works, and Consett's new steel works, a modest enterprise very different from the great integrated steel works planned, but killed by the Steel Ring, in the '30s—give local employment for barely 2,000. For the women there is the immense C.W.S. factory at Pelaw up the river; the men who once worked for Palmers go, with their sons, to work at Reyrolles at Hebburn and in alien yards up and down the Tyne. "The bankers kicked the guts out of Jarrow and ye canna' put them back," said a grey-haired boilermaker to me; his name, Jobling, was that of the collier whose pitch-covered body rotted on a gibbet at Jarrow Slake in the strike of 1832.

With its many shuttered shops, closed in the '30s and never re-opened, its unrepaired roads (the product of a penny rate in Jarrow is only £460), its rows of drab and overcrowded houses, closely set save for the empty tracts from which slums still worse than those now standing have been cleared, murdered Jarrow still gives the impression of a town which capitalism built, exploited and left derelict in its decadence. Poverty here still goes cheek by jowl with an all-pervading ugliness of sky and streets. Of an evening, outside the "Ben Lomond" and at every main street corner, men still gather in the little knots which became habitual in the Great Depression; and there are still, be it noted, a thousand men, to say nothing of 850 women and juveniles, out of work in Jarrow. "I am the resurrection and the life": such, one supposes, is the message of the fantastically numerous churches and chapels (Catholicism vies here with Methody) to the people of Jarrow. But it was Hitler, not Christ, who resurrected Jarrow, and the resurrection was only partial. The town is zombie.

What gets the older men down is the silence: the clangor of riveting is gone. "Every morning," said Jobling, "is a Sunday morning now in Jarrow." Yet he and, with him, the vast majority of people in Jarrow feel somehow that the victory of the Labour Party in 1945 means, or ought to mean, that a page has been turned in Jarrow's history. Jarrow has no need of Marxist teaching: there are, I was told, four Communists in the borough. Politics in Jarrow are the bone and flesh of class struggle. For 150 years the people of Jarrow have fought the bosses—the coal owners, until their greed and negligence let the pits be flooded; and, after them, the shipbuilders, in the Nine Hours campaign of the '70s and many a later strike and lock-out at Palmers works. The fruits of that struggle are a loyalty to the Labour Party which has become an uncritical faith.

On that fidelity the Tories in the by-election campaign made little or no impression. They had chosen as their candidate a practical engineer, managing director of local enterprise, who disclaimed wide political knowledge. "How then," asked Jarrow, "do you claim the rate for the job at Westminster?" Moreover, Jarrow has had enough of being a company town. In 1903 it erected a statue to Sir Charles Mark Palmer, Bart., "founder of the town of Jarrow," to commemorate "a life devoted to the social advancement of the working classes, the prosperity of Jarrow and the industrial progress of Tyneside." I cannot see the voters in the ruins of Jarrow which the collapse of Palmers left behind it erecting a statue to Mr. Scott, the Conservative candidate, or any other entrepreneur. Had he not been a local man, backed by Jarrow's philanthropist, Sir John Jarvis, Mr. Scott would not have added 1,400 votes to the Opposition poll in the by-election.

The Tories made the most of the championship of private enterprise by Mr. Edwards, M.P. (Middlesbrough, East); but their emphasis on shortages and "harassed housewives" evoked nothing but ridicule in a town which had known semi-starvation in twenty years of Tory rule. Mr. Churchill's appeal to Jarrow to support a Party whose policy it is to "establish minimum standards of life and labour . . . by free competition upwards" made Jarrow laugh grimly: it had learnt too well what it meant to be carried on the downward slope of free competition. Not for a generation will Jarrow forget the Means Test. Mr. Fernyhough, ex-miner from Cheshire and Shop Assistants' organiser, had an easy task. No awkward questions as to foreign policy or hesitant economic planning troubled his meetings. He had only to stress the good beginnings made by the Government in social legislation and the encouraging rise in output from the nationalised coal industry. "You, not the idle rich, are to-day the important people," he told the electors of Jarrow. "Your men are in power; trust them to see that you get a fair deal and a bigger share of the cake." A simple appeal, but it accorded well enough with Jarrow's loyalties to the memory of "Red Ellen" and to the Movement.

Will there be disillusionment? The answer depends on the success of the whole programme of post-war planning in the North-East Development Area. To-day on the Tyne shipbuilding is busy. The yards have nearly 800,000 tons under construction, and have order books filled for the next three years. But threatened shortage of steel and timber is an awkward problem. Mr. J. M. Ormiston, managing director of Vickers yard at Walker, recently declared that insufficiency of raw materials might soon create 50 per cent unemployment in the yards. Steel stocks on the river seemed to me to be considerable, but they are gradually running down; and if deliveries are held up there may be cancellations of orders ahead. As a cushion against the ending of the shipbuilding boom, the area is relying on the new light industries being established in the trading estates under construction and designed to provide jobs for 100,000 work-people. There is the Team Valley, already well established; there is Aycliffe, near Darlington, where 42 small factories are already mopping up some of the unemployment in the declining coal area of South-West Durham; and Jarrow itself has the Bede Estate under construction. There small factories producing women's dresses, plastic mouldings, crêpe paper, biscuits, sauces and pickles, mineral waters, canisters and gas meters, are to provide employment for 6,000 women and nearly 3,000 men.

Well and good. In the whole North-East region the unemployment figure, which fell from 200,000 before the war to 10,000 on VE day, has crept up again to 50,000. If there is to be another capitalist slump in shipbuilding some palliative must clearly be devised; and though the Trading Estates may mean little to the displaced boilermaker, they should at least ensure that his wife or daughter will continue to bring wages into the house if "himself" is out of work.

But there is some shaking of heads in Jarrow and elsewhere on the Tyne—at any rate among the older men.

Can the country, they ask, provide a sufficient and steady market for all these light industries producing consumers' goods unless the basic, exporting heavy industries themselves are prosperous? Would it not be better to think, not in terms of palliatives for capitalist slumps, but of a Socialist plan whereby heavy industry, modernised and more efficient, would continue to be concentrated in its natural habitat, supplemented by ancillary trades germane to it? It may be that in Jarrow these doubts whether economic salvation is to be sought in small light industries spring from the abiding sense that bankers and cartels robbed the workers of something which can never be replaced. Jarrow has a new town plan: as housing, badly held up now by shortage of timber, proceeds, more of the old slums will be cleared; and when the tunnel under the Tyne to Wallsend (work will start this summer) is completed, Jarrow will be a suburb of Newcastle on a great North-South arterial road. The men and girls who were directed away from Jarrow during the war are coming back to it out of strange love for a town in which hideous squalor is balanced by warm companionship. In the end they will be given habitations less squalid and insanitary; and they will have the Bede Trading Estate. But Palmers, against whose bosses the people of Jarrow fought for generations, but in whose fine ships they took the fierce pride of skill, is gone. It has left a gap which, psychologically, nothing can fill. In the queer, hurt look in the eyes of all the older men in Jarrow you can still see reflected the death of an industry: the heart is out of Jarrow. Ever since industrial labour was drawn to Jarrow 150 years ago, it has been a town of kindly, brave, proud people. To-day only the courage and the kindliness remain.

AYLMER VALLANCE

# PROSTITUTION AND THE LAW

## II—THE OLDEST PROBLEM

EVEN at the risk of offending the moralist and discouraging the social worker, it is impossible to regard the present working compromise, accepting prostitution as inevitable and keeping it within certain bounds, as other than defeatist. To watch it in operation is to be overwhelmed with a sense of futility. As my companion, listening to the girls while, with one eye cocked for clients, they talked of their twenty-minute arrest for "solicitation," remarked to me: "It's all so unspeakably silly."

Prostitution is as old as human relationships, and it has always puzzled both jurists and moralists. In our age the problem has changed. The greater opportunity for intercourse between the sexes made possible by the general use of contraceptives as well as by the emancipation of women, has done much to debunk the "mystery" of eroticism, and to rationalise its purpose. A few years ago a group of public school boys, beginning their University life, discussed their private lives with a friendly don. Most of them had had sexual experience with a woman, but none of them had resorted to a prostitute. Thirty years ago it was the "done thing" for adolescents of their class to go to London at least once for that express purpose. Victorian husbands went with prostitutes because accommodating women in their own circle were not then available, and felt themselves not unvirtuous (unless their wives found out). To-day the prostitute faces the competition of a widespread laxity, and theoretically prostitution should be superfluous. Yet in fact prostitution survives on a considerable scale. How far the clientele has changed, whether the number of "family men" who use the services of prostitutes has greatly decreased, and what are the proportions of lonely visitors or Servicemen, the extent to which prostitution now caters for perverts—those are questions so far unanswered by any research. Obviously a valuable comparison could be made with conditions in Soviet Russia, where even the most vehement critics admit that prostitution has been almost eliminated there. How far has punishment been necessary? Is it true, as some say, that because Soviet women have full economic, political and civil rights, and run no risk of unemployment—they have achieved a sexual code that preserves the dignity of women, security for children and free and happy relations of men and women?

Women in Britain are free and possess civil rights; yet thousands choose to be prostitutes. I say choose, because I believe it to be now a matter, in most cases, of deliberate choice. If the economic cause has largely disappeared, one must look for attractions rather than compulsions, for the elimination of risks rather than the ignorance or desperate disregard of them. The control of conception and the successful treatment of disease are two such eliminations. They are, I believe, paramount. They leave the way clear for inclination.

Prostitution is lawful. Any woman may be a prostitute if she likes. She will lose no rights; she may vote, marry, have children, serve on juries, claim State allowances. She may not "congregate" in public houses, but she is entitled to remain there long enough to get "reasonable refreshment." But she must not be "a prostitute or nightwalker loitering or being in any thoroughfare or public place for the purpose of prostitution or solicitation to the annoyance of the inhabitants or passengers"—a clause that appears in all Police Acts applying in urban districts and in many counties. In dealing with these offences, police and magistrates have evolved a procedure which combines a minimum of time and trouble with the maximum likelihood of conviction. "Prostitute" and "nightwalker," for example, are regarded as synonymous, though the latter has never been defined in law, and the O.E.D. says it means "one who walks about by night, especially with criminal intentions." Every case should begin with proof that the girl is a prostitute—not by proving a conviction for prostitution, because the offence is non-existent and "conviction" therefore impossible, but by proving that she goes promiscuously with men. This is never done. The magistrates accept the word of one policeman that she has at least once been "cautioned"—by the policeman—for soliciting, and regard that as proof that she is a prostitute. Then comes the story about the acts of solicitation, and the routine allegation that two or three men in succession "appeared annoyed" when the girl accosted them. In fact men seldom either appear or feel annoyed. While young, they are usually soft enough to feel slightly flattered; middle-aged, they feel compassionate; old, they feel flattered again. The girl, the policeman, and the magistrate all know this; but why waste time? The girl can try saying that she spoke to no one; and then what was she doing on the corner of Wardour Street, alone, at that time of night? Waiting for a friend. Very well, let the friend be called. She's gone away—gone to Ireland (none of her fellow-prostitutes will support a silly defence like this by pretending to be the "friend;" why make all this fuss upsetting the police and making it bad for everybody?) The magistrate has no real doubt that she is a prostitute, or that she was soliciting. He will jump the little ditch of doubt whether the men were "annoyed;" after all, the constable says they were, and he's obviously nearer the truth than she is. Forty shillings, please. The girls save all this futile trouble by pleading guilty, and then no evidence is given at all. The Clerk reads the charge. Anything to say? No, sir. Forty shillings, please. This happens a dozen or twenty times every morning at Bow Street and Marlborough Street, before the courts can get on with their business and the girls can go home to bed or keep an appointment at the hairdresser's.

A shocking farce, deplored by all who take part. What alternatives are there? A senior police officer advocates, in a press article, three months' imprisonment; he should read the history of prostitution, note that even the death penalty has been tried, and then, spending three months in prison himself, observe the effect of it on his own biological urge. Others want State brothels, where women can be supervised, medically examined, and treated like volunteer cattle. These have been tried and abandoned, re-tried and re-abandoned, in almost every country in the world. They have now been abolished in France. Where they exist, prostitution outside them is a criminal offence; and it flourishes at enormous prices. The faith in institutional treatment is pathetic. Its advocates forget that, when the medical officer has called, the very next man to be admitted may be syphilitic.

"Trading on prostitution," too, has been through various stages as an offence. Imprisonment of these "ponces" for three months as rogues and vagabonds under the Vagrancy Act, 1824, was increased in 1912 to six months without any right to trial by jury. But it was provided that they could be indicted and given two years' imprisonment. The last word in clumsy futility came when flogging was authorised for a second conviction. (And they were flogged: I have seen the sentence imposed by old men to whom, probably, biology meant buttercups.) But the law has now gone so far as to abandon in these cases the presumption of innocence—as it tends to do when public opinion demands convictions. If the prosecution prove that a man has been living with, or even habitually in the company of, a prostitute, the law presumes that he has been living "wholly or in part" on her immoral earnings, and he must prove the converse if he can. As a rule, he proves it easily enough: he is a bookmaker, a "job buyer," a dealer, anything. Friends come to swear to his business connections, some of them looking remarkably like ponces themselves. But it seldom comes to this. The girls will not give evidence, either through love or fear. When they will, the police make a point of watching the flat for five days, which they regard as a reasonable period from which the necessary inference may be drawn. After a term in prison, the men return so highly sexed that they have no difficulty in finding another prostitute to keep them. And so it goes on.

Brothels abound in London. "A brothel is a place where people of opposite sexes are allowed to resort for illicit intercourse, whether the women are common prostitutes or not." But you do not suppress brothels by defining them, and in this definition "allowed" is the operative word. "Illicit intercourse" and "prostitute" are epithets, not criminal categories. In the case of a brothel the culprit is the person who "keeps or manages" it, or "the tenant, lessee, or occupier" who *knowingly* permits the place to be a brothel. The blocks of flats where the prostitutes live are not kept or managed as brothels by anyone. The wealthy landlords and the highly reputable estate-agents who let them to the girls (at monstrous rents which they dare not challenge before the Rent Tribunals) can seldom be shown to have done so in order that they could be used for prostitution. Failing this, the premises are "allowed" to be so used by the law itself. There are very few places to which men can go to choose a girl from a number maintained on the premises for the purpose; and the various welfare societies I have spoken to are satisfied that, when one of these places opens up, it is very soon closed by the police. There are numerous night-clubs, most of them expensively respectable—they are in the vanguard of the "back-to-evening-dress" movement; but if a dance-hostess here and there should be of easy virtue, that does not make her place of employment a brothel.

Soliciting by male homosexuals is given no quarter at all. Contempt and loathing bedevil the administration of the law (such even as it is) about homosexuality, and there is no such tolerant relationship between them and the police as has grown up between prostitutes and the police. Yet the problem is at least as delicate, the solution equally remote, and the present practice tragic as well as futile. Even the growing awareness that psycho-analysis and psychiatry may succeed where punishment has failed is of little avail in the case of a perversion that is both so common and so difficult to cure. An unwelcome complication is that, when a court is persuaded to put a man on probation in order that he may be psychologically treated, he often becomes absorbed in himself as a problem—he merely steps outside himself and contemplates his future sexual aberrations with a new sympathetic interest. Let no one say this thing is insoluble; but let no one imagine that six months for importuning, or penal servitude for an "unnatural offence," is even a first step towards a solution. It is far from clear that homosexuality *between adults* is a matter for the law to interfere with. In any case prison does not "cure" homosexuals: it breeds them. And "unnatural" is, again, an epithet, the validity of which will not survive an examination of the habits of animals.

Sensational, banner-headlined vice reports will always sell newspapers, but they will do nothing to stop vice. Worse, by inflaming uninstructed opinion they may create an emotional climate which will force a return to judicial savagery—at a time when enlightened movements are beginning to win judicial and perhaps legislative sympathy. If at the moment we do not happen to see a solution to problems perhaps ten thousand years old, we shall not reclaim our "legion of the lost" by pelting them with stones. The story has been written before: it concerned a woman of Samaria.

C. H. Rolph

## ISABELITA HAS LOST HER REASON

I did not reach Spain in time for the anniversary of the Spanish Republic. I crossed the border on the morning of April 16th, two days too late. The words of commemoration which had been written up on the walls had been effaced long since, for a bare quarter of an hour after they had been boldly written there by clandestine hands, I was later told, official hands had wiped them away. It was just after eight o'clock, and there were only two of us crossing that morning—an Englishman and I. The sun was brilliant, and instead of taking a taxi at the frontier, we got into the electric train which runs through the fields and villages to San Sebastian on the sea. The wind was strong in the port town, and the waves broke high, flinging slaps of water and salty spray as high as the Paseo de la Republica, and as I walked there with the Englishman I thought of Isabelita. I knew she was in prison, and that she had lost her reason, but I did not know any more.

From San Sebastian it is another fourteen hours to Madrid (and as each taxi leaves the north station of the city, the police record the address to which the passengers have directed it to go). Within an hour I had learned from Spanish friends that there had been, about three weeks before, a new round-up of professional people and intellectuals. As usual, it had all been done very quietly, no word of it appearing in the press. Enriqué Diaz, a former professor of the French *lycée* of Madrid, had been picked up at his house, and his notebooks, containing the names and addresses of friends, had led to the arrest of others. (The husband of my friend, X . . ., had been taken, and now she had destroyed not only all personal letters and address books she had kept over a period of years, but also every doctor's prescription, every wedding announcement, and any other piece of paper which might bear an innocent name or address.) Still others had been rounded up wholesale in a café (as were Frenchmen in the days of the Occupation), and even the bootblacks who happened to be shining shoes there at that moment had been taken along to jail as political offenders. Among the men apprehended in this indiscriminate way were a physician, a teacher of the guitar, and a professor of philosophy. They were Republicans, to be sure, but it is certain that they, as individuals, were no more a threat to law and order than any other three men who might have been picked at random from that great majority of the Spanish people who are opposed to Franco's regime.

Another recent arrest had caused a great deal of surreptitious talk, X . . . said. Although the identity of the prisoner had not been divulged, rumour had it that he was a highly placed official. Packages were being sent to him at the *Prision Central de Alcalá de Henares* addressed simply to "Señor the Unknown"; but the story persists that he is the chief engineer of the *Construtora Naval*, and that he was suspected of having passed on atomic information to a foreign power that has made no secret of its animosity to Franco Spain. When I asked X . . . about Isabelita, she said it would not be easy to see her, as she and the other children were at present being held *incommunicado*, and that not even members of their families were now permitted access to them.

That was the seventeenth, and at six o'clock that morning four men were executed by a firing squad in the Retamares Camp. On the eighteenth, two entirely unrelated things happened: two more political prisoners were executed, this time at Alcalá de Henares, and a demonstration by the Falangist student organisation (the S.E.U.) took place in downtown Madrid. Members of the S.E.U. (the Syndicate of Spanish Universities) paraded through the streets carrying an actual coffin, with a contrived corpse lying in it. Other Falangist students followed in the funeral *cortège* bearing lighted tapers and chanting: "Death to the King! Death to the King!" Opposition was shown them by the crowds in the street, and the police broke up the ensuing mêlée by bringing their sticks down right and left. That same day, I talked with American officials at our Embassy about the possibility of seeing Isabelita, and they told me what they knew.

Isabelita Torralba is fifteen or sixteen years old, and she has become "mentally deranged" as a consequence of the ill treatment to which she was subjected during her stay in the *Dirección General de Seguridad*. This much, at least, seems to be clear. It is also known that Isabelita is one of a group of nine children (the three oldest are nineteen years old, the ages of the others ranging from fifteen or sixteen to eighteen years), who have been accused of terrorism, and who are at present confined in the Provincial Prisons of Carbanchel Alto y Ventas. The children have not been condemned to death, one American official took great trouble to point out to me; it is merely that the prosecutor is expected to ask the death sentence for four of the children, and thirty-year prison terms for the other five. "People are apt to go off half-cocked on these matters," the American official said. (I went to the prison eventually, but I did not see the children. I was shown a model plan of what the buildings would be like when they are completed, at which time the prison will be seven times its present size.)

The same American official told me more of the story, and the part he told me went like this: when the children were first arrested they were held in isolation—in an isolation "so severe and inhuman," states the National Committtee of the United Socialist Youth of Spain, that several of the children, in this strict confinement, "contracted incurable diseases." Late in 1946, a delegation from among the other political prisoners in the *Prision Central de Alcalá de Henares* made a formal protest against the treatment being accorded the children. The prisoners then went on hunger strike for seven and a half days, at the end of which time the children were removed to another gallery where living conditions were apparently somewhat more bearable. (But in the meantime, or before that, or somewhere along the way, Isabelita had managed to lose her reason.) And then, on Christmas Eve, it became known in the prison that the nine children were being punished, and that they were not to be allowed to partake of the special dinner which would be served the following day. So every prisoner in that wing refused to eat Christmas dinner if the children were not to have it too, but this time the authorities did not give in. So, because of a little group of children whose names are José Luis Sánchez Cano, Germán Sanz Esteban, Juán Arranz Lafont, Luis Berlinches Raso, Adolfo Gonzáles Barona, Angel Goya Arroyo, José Yuste Garcia, Isabelita Torralba, and Luisa Gonzáles Barona, none of the prisoners in that wing ate dinner on Christmas day.

More of the story was told me by R——, who is out of prison on parole since February, and who has seen children like them die. "In Spain," R—— said, "three classifications of people are protected under present conditions. They are the military, the clergy, and the Falangists. Isabelita and the other children cannot appeal to any of the three." He said he had seen girls of Luisa's and Isabelita's age go out to their execution, walking two by two across the prison courtyard in the grey of the morning, like young girls on their way to school. "We could see them from our cells," he said. "Sometimes they passed close under our windows. We could see they had put their lipstick and mascara on, like cheap women. But they were not cheap women. It was their way of saying they were not afraid to die."

One more paragraph must be added to the story. It is contained in a few lines on the front page of a Paris evening paper. Following the condemnation to death of three of the nine children on trial, Franco's Ministry of Foreign Affairs has found it necessary to make a public statement to the effect that, under Spanish law, sixteen years of age constitutes "penal majority." Therefore, an accused of that age is, in the eyes of the law, fully responsible for his acts. "Cardinal Segura," says R—'s voice across the brilliant sunlight, "has been occupied barring from sacred communion people un-Christian enough to attend dances. He has not had time yet to ask Franco for clemency for nine Spanish children who have been nearly a year in prison."

A military court, concludes the newspaper notice, will shortly determine what their fate will be.

*Paris* Kay Boyle

# The Arts and Entertainment

## SICKERT AND SOME OTHERS

"Eclipse first, the rest nowhere" is the title I was tempted to give to this week's notes on painting, for I have been to three one-man shows of Sickert, at Agnew's and the Mayor Gallery and the da Vinci Gallery; I have seen admirable work by the Master also at Roland, Browse and Delbanco, at the Adams Gallery and at the Beaux Arts. All these exhibitions are to be visited, but the Emmons collection at Agnew's is in a class apart. I have never seen Sickert to better advantage, for the retrospective at the National Gallery during the War was in a dingy basement. At Agnew's the top light and dark red walls are ideal; the works, moreover, all of them choice, have been hung with uncommon taste. The result I found overpowering. What other English painter since Turner could make a comparable impression? The richness and variety of colour are staggering: in this respect Sickert seems to me often to equal his French masters; and it is comprehensible that his mastery of colour and handling should have distracted attention from his draughtsmanship. Here he is inferior to the French, but I don't know what other English painter has ever drawn at once so plastically and so atmospherically. His choice of subjects is curious. So far from sharing Lautrec's reason for cruelty to the fair sex, Sickert was conspicuously attractive. He seldom painted a building that was not beautiful: why did he equally seldom paint a woman who was not ugly? In the Paris of his youth there was an odd notion that "realists" must concentrate on squalor, as if a pretty girl were less real than a harridan—a notion of which luckily neither Renoir nor Manet took much account. On such a theory is not Harrod's more real than the Salute, and Blackpool than Dieppe? Evidently Sickert enjoyed being a magician who could transmute physical ugliness into pictorial beauty. How happy we are that he enjoyed also expressing directly his delight in good buildings: his drawing of architecture is exemplary.

The Redfern Gallery is showing over a hundred paintings and drawings by Christopher Wood. A natural painter, he had the intelligence to absorb the lessons of the École de Paris; and the result was a series of tasteful, accomplished, rapid works. Swell covers for *Vogue?* More than that, and I suspect that this young artist had deeper vision than he had yet learnt to express. The exaggerated praise, and prices, that his work has posthumously commanded must not blind us to his extraordinary gifts. Above all let us not suppose that facility is in itself discreditable; it is a quality found in many, indeed I think most, painters of genius. The death of Christopher Wood at the age of twenty-nine may have deprived this country of one of its finest painters. The earliest Sickert in the Emmons collection was painted when the artist was thirty; and brilliant as it is, it shows neither the colour nor the handling that were to become characteristic. Christopher Wood's watercolours are particularly pleasing, because this medium must be used with speed; and the most shining virtue of all his work, a virtue that in the oils can become also a defect, is spontaneity.

The Ben Nicholson show at the Lefèvre includes a number of his enchanting early pictures as well as some new works in which he relaxes from his recent austerity into gayer and more interesting colour. Different as are the idioms they employ, he and his father, Sir William Nicholson, strike me as almost indistinguishable in talent and accomplishment. What they do, they do exquisitely; and if the result is above all articles of virtu, these are particularly welcome in a world that is ceasing to produce any such.

Roland, Browse and Delbanco have a highly enjoyable show, ranging from the Quattrocento Bartolommeo di Giovanni to Sutherland and Pasmore, under the title "Colour Pure and Atmospheric." I like seeing works of the most varied provenance made into neighbours, provided that this is done with taste. (The Berkeley Gallery has a show intended to display the possibilities of this, but it reminded me of Uno.) In Cork Street the hanging is very happy, and I recommend attention to one of the few Van Goghs in England, to two superb Turners, a fine Koninck, a covetable early Steer and a surprisingly good Vlaminck. There are also some modern German pictures, the best of them a Nolde. The Kokoschka is an interesting failure: many patches of the picture are rich in colour, but they cancel one another.

Roger Marvell

## THE MOVIES

### "The Barber of Seville" and "The Cooper," at the Academy

### "Panique," at the Rialto

### "The Brothers," at Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion

The "first film opera," Italian-made, provides us with as brilliant a performance of the *Barber* as one is likely to meet anywhere. As a recording it has several faults. The first, a metallic tone and a slight buzzing on top notes and ensembles is inseparable from celluloid sound-track. The second is an occasional failure to "place" the sound with the singer, so that one has sometimes to watch the lips to be sure who is singing. The third is an arrangement by which we are made to scan the synopsis during the playing of the overture, in order that the opera may then be run through without a break: this pointlessly imposes a strain, first on memory, and then on attention. But these are minor faults when one considers the advantages of having, not only Rossini's opera, as it was written (remember the murders of Berlioz, Rimsky-Korsakov, etc., on the screen), but performed probably better than it ever has been in an English opera house. Tito Gobbi makes the perfect Figaro, with gay insolent manner, and a voice to make larks drop from the sky. The rest of the cast, too, are first-rate, and however fast the fooling they never lose a note.

Fast, however (alas!), is what the film *Barber* rarely or never is. Its pace remains that of the stage; and from the stage comes that rhythm by which people find things to do while they are singing, the acting of asides, the running out of the room at the end of an aria, the clockwork comic business, the mutes crossing the background with an air of preoccupation, etc. All this, smoothly enough accomplished, is required by the musical framework, and I don't see how it could be otherwise. Scenery and costumes are pleasantly photogenic but are unimaginative.

By contrast, in the same programme Georges Rouquier's 20-minute documentary, *The Cooper*, is pure cinema. Readers of this column will have grown weary of my references to his incomparable but never-to-be-seen *Farrebique*. Here's a small taste of that mastery in a study of two craftsmen making a wine-barrel in Languedoc. It is beautifully and unobtrusively made—the film quite as much as the traditional barrel—and Rouquier has a feeling for individual humanity that sets him apart from other film-makers of his kind.

Duvivier and Simenon together have been responsible for a striking piece called *Panique* in which, after an unusually squalid murder, a bearded eccentric of the suburbs is hounded down by gossips and finally lynched. Michel Simon gives a fine performance as the suspicion-raising martyr; the local colour thrills no less than the horror of the final scene. Yet the whole thing is a cool construction of various talents which one can take apart. Simenon (from what I remember of his original story, *Les fiançailles de Mr. Hire*) provided the tense but non-committal tale of a character whom one suspects turning out innocent; Duvivier has tacked on a hair-raising climax and promoted the idea that frightened gossip may flare up to express a malice inherent in the mob; good acting does the rest. A brilliant, even a shocking film; but it cheats, quietly, all the time, and leaves us feeling that people are not so bad as M. Duvivier makes out.

Violence and local colour are the main points of a British film, *The Brothers*, taken from a novel by L. A. G. Strong. This violence has a powerful literary flavour—one melodramatic tableau leading pat to another—rape, murder, family curses, floggings, hand-to-hand fights being, it would seem, daily bread to the men of Skye. Into their midst, all innocence and gentility, with her hair down, comes Miss Patricia Roc: pretty as a picture, but (one may feel) *another* picture than this. The scenery and the local customs give substance to a brittle though dramatic piece.

William Whitebait

## RADIO NOTES

One supposes the programme planners have already been badgered into sulks about the hour at which *To-day in Parliament* is broadcast. The problem is admittedly very difficult. If placed at a much earlier hour, the programme not only interferes with the chief broadcasts of the evening, which are apt to be on the long side, but it cannot take in much of its most interesting material, since the House is

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still sitting. I have been made a present of "early the following morning" by at least one highly political person. That's all very well: "Morning Music," and suchlike felicifics do seem, on paper, to last quite a time. But who wants to have to attend seriously to anything before 9 a.m.? (After 9 most people are too busy anyhow.) Very tentatively, I put forward a solution. Between 6 and 10.15 p.m. anyone who so desires can hear the news read *four* times—twice on the Home, twice on the Light. It is true that this system is designed to cater for different modes of life, and that the 7 o'clock bulletin is of especial importance to those who want the sporting results. But what about that 15 minute period at 10 o'clock in the Light? Could not this be usefully diverted to the "People's Hansard"? By that hour most of the important results of parliamentary proceedings would be available to the commentator—save on very exceptional occasions, such as the recent debate on Conscription; and in the latter case the speaker could usually indicate the way the wind was blowing. To judge by the complaints I am always receiving, 10.45 is hopelessly late for nearly everybody these days, however keen they may be. Forty-five minutes should make all the difference.

*Britain's Crisis* seemed to me to kick off very smartly. As centre-forward, Mr. Graham Hutton displayed a contempt for the opposing side which, in the days when I played Soccer, would have been considered foolhardy. But there was no denying the effectiveness of his blitzkrieg tactics. To anyone who listened to him it is—I should have thought—unnecessary to recommend the rest of the series. Mr. Hutton is a born broadcaster—downright, clear, disconcerting, brass-tacksy, and impossible to turn off. He made us feel that Truth has finally lost her temper with the world and that it will take a lot of coaxing to bring her round. One does not need to believe that she *will* come round—at all events in our time—to be invigorated by Mr. Hutton's statement of her case against us all.

If it is undesirable that all talks should be like this, it is nevertheless essential that a broadcast dialectic be more persuasively couched than a printed one. The *Psychical Research* series was full of interesting things—if you could listen to them; it was also a model of bad radio. Mr. Broad and Mr. Thouless both gave the impression that they had been dragged, protesting, to the mike. The former, moreover, spent half of his short period in making a single point logically water-tight. This is very well on paper, but it will not pass on the air: exceeded, we switch off, hoping to find the talk printed in next week's *Listener*. Once again I entreat Talks Department to reconsider this type of broadcast, even for purposes of the Third. It is a mistake to suppose that the boring-point of highbrows is higher than that of other people.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

## THE THEATRE

LET me avoid any odorous comparisons between the two new musical shows. *Bless the Bride*, the Cochran show at the Adelphi, begins with croquet in 1870, continues with a bathing-scene at Eauville (which rashly invites comparison with the Sadler's Wells ballet *Les Sirènes*), and then lands us in the Franco-Prussian War, with solemn talk of the hero's death at the front and starving Europe—not nearly escapist enough for my bourgeois taste. Mr. A. P. Herbert's libretto, however, is much the best thing in the show: it is stylised, neat and witty, whenever it is audible. Mr. Vivian Ellis's music is agreeable and reminiscent; Mesdames Anona Winn and Betty Paul distinguished themselves in the cast. One set, a French street, reveals in the designer a nice taste that is elsewhere hard to discover: the clothes are not becoming, or arranged to harmonise, or even interesting in themselves. The show as a whole is as mild as milk, and the audience lapped it up. I prophesy success.

*Oklahoma!* at Drury Lane, is the best thing of its kind since *Show Boat*. The music, lively without being noisy, is uncommonly well sung, while the spoken dialogue, quite undistinguished, has been reduced to a minimum. The sets and costumes are spruceness itself—English designers should note how artfully the colours have been selected to form a *gamme*. The actors are treasures, especially Mr. Harold Keel, and Miss Dorothea Macfarland (notice, too, the accomplishment of Miss Mary Marlo, who never stops acting, though she has very few lines). But it is the polish on the whole production that leaves one gaping, as if one had received a bushel of caviare and a peach-fed ham. It makes the shows we are used to in London look like plucky efforts by the Peebles Amateur Dramatic Society. It is not merely that Mr. Mamoulian is a dazzling producer: every member of the cast combines the precision of a Longines watch with the appearance of a blessed spontaneity. How necessary are such imports from abroad in all the arts in order to set us a standard! You leave Drury Lane exhilarated, whistling—and feeling—"Oh, what a beautiful mornin'!" And if this catchy tune soon gives way to Mr. Britten's "Oh, what a lovely morning!" from *The Rape of Lucretia*, there's no harm. Mr. Britten's phrase is even catchier.

SAM SMILES

## LENNOX BERKELEY'S SYMPHONY

THE neglect of Lennox Berkeley's Symphony since its first performance some three years ago makes the present state of our musical culture look rather foolishly lopsided: how is it that we can afford to shelve so much freshness, sweetness and serenity? This question must have occurred to many who heard the excellent recent broadcasts, under Stanford Robinson, of this happy-sounding work; and in that adjective there lies, perhaps, a clue to the answer. *Ought* a symphony to sound so happy? Where are those strivings, those broodings, those self-questionings, leading to majestic despair or (more frequently) to a Grand Victory March, which are the stock-in-trade of every respectable symphonist since Beethoven? In an interval talk, the composer himself rejected the idea that every symphony must have something "epic" about it; he was too modest to add that Haydn would make, for many composers besides himself, a better model than Beethoven.

. There really is a touch of the Haydnish spirit about this symphony: about its clear flow of ideas, its taut structure (how satisfying, for example, is the end of the first movement), its deliciously aerated texture and its sunny inventiveness in the matter of detail. It was the French who led the revolt against the inflated, over-solemn symphonic style of the late nineteenth century; but much recent French music (and some, too, of Mr. Berkeley's own earlier work) has seemed to English ears thin, spiky, mean-spirited and sadly deficient in humour, geniality and ease. With this symphony, and one or two more of his recent works, Lennox Berkeley points the way towards a new "civilised" music: the sort of art one wishes, not to be stunned by, but to live with.

Signor Lauri-Volpi made it clear enough, by the end of his first Albert Hall concert, that he is still in the front rank of Italian tenors. His voice no longer contains the melting tones which I remember so well in his singing of the *Puritani* at Florence in 1933, and there is a roughening patch in the middle; but the high notes have all their old heroic, almost arrogant ring, and the style is never vulgar. His Death of Othello made us anxious to hear him in the whole part, of which he must now be the best exponent on the active list; but it was the thrilling climax of the big aria from *Turandot* to which the house really rose, and the brilliance of "La donna è mobile" (with that surprising casually thrown off C sharp in the cadenza) which confirmed the general impression that Signor Lauri-Volpi is very much, as Henry James would say, "the real thing." I hope he may be heard once again at Covent Garden.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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# Correspondence

## CLYDESIDE

SIR,—In his otherwise arresting article on Clydeside Ritchie Calder misinterprets some of the production statistics and takes other information on trust, as it happens, wrongly. Much of his argument is thus invalidated.

He states "they are building at the moment over 200 ships, totalling 800,000 tons . . . The output in 1920, the inter-war boom year was about 700,000 tons . . . Is this the 'galloping consumption,' which after a hectic hour means slump again?"

The point is that the tonnage launched is by no means the same thing as the tonnage under construction. The Scottish shipyards put 778,914 gross tons into the water in 1920, and only 408,511 tons in 1946. Output this present year will be even less. The Clyde yards account for the great bulk of the shipbuilding tonnage.

Farther down he says "new light industries are coming along in a heartening programme of trading estates."

In September, 1945, when the four original industrial estates in Scotland resumed their ordinary activities, they housed 100 tenants, who employed 29,500 people. By October, 1946, the number of tenants on the same four estates, still the only active ones, had risen to 103. But the number of workers had sunk to only 13,200. The number of "new jobs" provided on industrial estates in Scotland since the end of the war has been paltry.

He then says "a lot of Scots workers have drifted back from England . . . At the same time, 15,000 Scots lassies who migrated to England during the war have not come back."

The figures do not show the actual nationality of people on the move. Last year 114,000 people came over the Border to take up residence in Scotland. On the other hand, no fewer than 154,000 went the other way, showing a net loss of 40,000 in one brief year. As for the Scots lassies "migrating," they were forcibly directed, as Scotland was a "green area" to the Ministry of Labour at all material times during the war. Incidentally, human beings are not the only export. Not to mention the coal being railed South, electricity is going over the Border at an overloaded rate of 80,000 kilowatts.

Mr. Calder did not mention steel output, but since scarcity of that metal is at the root of much of the trouble, it might be said that Scottish steel production was 2,074,400 tons in 1920, against only 1,764,500 tons last year. The steel tonnage this year will be much less.

To say that "a good deal of the unemployment is certainly frictional, a temporary maladjustment" is stretching things a bit. The heavy industries as such have had next to no transitional problem. Worklessness has steadily risen even since the war ended. The figures are now at the 100,000 mark on the able-bodied register. They are expected to rise to 150,000. That does not say much for the administration of a land which is far richer than England in natural resources "per capita," in coal, hydro-electric power, fisheries, agriculture, forestry.

38, Buchanan Drive, DAVID MURRAY
Cambuslang.

## LABOUR'S SCOTTISH POLICY

SIR,—Your Glasgow correspondent R. mentions the Scottish T.U.C.'s resolutions on Scottish affairs. Attention should be drawn also to the resolution from the Scottish Universities Labour Party appearing on the agenda of the forthcoming Margate Conference of the U.K. Labour Party, to the effect that it is essential that the official Labour policy on Scottish devolution be now implemented.

This policy was last endorsed by the whole British Labour Party at the Birmingham Conference of 1928, a year after the Government of Scotland Bill moved on May 13th, 1927, by the Rev. James Barr, seconded by the Rt. Hon. Tom Johnston, supported by the leading Scots Labour M.P.s, including Jo Westwood, now Secretary of State for Scotland, and not contradicted by any. It should be noted that twelve times the Scots Home Rule issue has come to the vote, and three-quarter majorities of Scots M.P.s have consistently been recorded in favour.

The official Labour policy of devolution for Scotland, as it stands in Barr's Bill, amounts to "Dominion Status," a separate Parliament under the British Crown, but with no separation of the Armed Forces and Foreign Affairs, unless the Scots or the Imperial Parliament expressly demands such separation at a later time.

The discussion and decision on this matter at Margate will be followed with great interest in Scotland. DOUGLAS YOUNG

Greenmount House,
Burntisland, Fife.

## CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

SIR,—May I, as one not connected with education, develop the point brought out by Mr. Edward Britton in his recent letter on Corporal Punishment in which he mentions the necessity for providing conditions in schools which will encourage discipline to arise spontaneously from children as an alternative to corporal punishment?

Too much stress seems to be laid on the old theory that the maintenance of discipline is a piece of magic trickery possessed by the few without tangible reasons. Discipline in the classroom is surely the natural consequence of interesting lessons. Even so, children do not, I think, demand from their teachers a hundred per cent interest all the time. They demand a reasonable chance of being interested some of the time.

A few of the men who taught me at school had difficulty in maintaining discipline only because they were perpetually boring in the classroom—although invariably men of charm and culture outside it. The job of being interesting to children with reasonable frequency must be the most difficult and, I suggest, the most essential part of the teacher's job.

There are of course those teachers who, by means of the threat of corporal punishment, maintain a silence which is mistaken for discipline. It has already been said that there are no bad soldiers, only bad officers; perhaps it is equally true that there are no bad pupils, only bad teachers. RONALD SMURTHWAITE

## VISUAL EDUCATION

SIR,—Critic's recent reference to films and filmstrips gives welcome prominence to the growing movement for planned visual education, but it obscures one or two points. It is somewhat misleading to say that "there is an early limit" to the value of films, and to compare them with filmstrips. In planned visual instruction, film and filmstrip should go hand in hand—the dynamic and the static. The limitations arise when educational films, all too few at present, are shown to audiences for which they were not designed. Many types of film are required, adapted to audiences of different age-groups and purposes.

The film is indispensable to thorough visual instruction. Its power to present men and things in movement not only gives it an indelible quality, but means that a subject can be shown in its living context; it can depict the actual result in human society of social, historical, geographical or industrial processes and events. Complementary to the film, the filmstrip halts motion to show detail. Posters, illustrations and exhibits or models, which allow the student to ponder at his own pace, make up the balanced "visual unit."

Planned commercial production of sufficient educational films is the chief problem at present. The Ministry of Education has a special committee to deal with the matter, and has commissioned a dozen films on general subjects. These are of value, and display the great value of the film in giving a vivid introduction or résumé. But each costs many thousands of pounds; and though the films will be available free to schools, this level of cost will restrict output.

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## Company Meeting

## ALLIANCE ASSURANCE

### Further Expansion

THE annual general meeting of the Alliance Insurance Co., Ltd., will be held on 28th May at the head office, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C.

The following are extracts from the review of the report, accounts and balance sheet for the year 1946 by the chairman, Mr. Richard Durant Trotter: In the Life Department the net new business completed during the year amounted to £3,965,000, in comparison with £1,761,490 in 1945. The claims by death, excluding those on the closed funds, were £585,332, compared with £587,254 during 1945, the mortality experience continuing to be very favourable. The net purchase money for immediate annuities was £60,350, an increase of £18,657 over the corresponding figure for 1945. At the close of the year the "Alliance" Life and Annuity Funds amounted to £24,182,830, in comparison with £23,689,711 at the end of the previous year.

In the Fire Department there was another satisfactory increase in business, the net premiums amounting to £2,795,644, being £110,429 more than the figure for 1945. Claims, including contributions to Fire Brigades, at £961,745 were slightly more than in the previous year, when they absorbed £959,251. The surplus, after increasing the reserve for unexpired risks, amounts to £467,461, which has been carried to Profit and Loss. The business from Overseas has continued to expand satisfactorily and to provide its share of the surplus.

In the Accident Department the net premiums amounted to £1,725,783, which is £306,342 more than the corresponding figure for 1945. The surplus amounted to £88,283, after adjusting the reserves for unexpired risks, and this amount has been carried to Profit and Loss. In the Marine Department the net premiums were £1,020,573. Here I should explain that the premiums shown are net of commission, a change which has been made in accordance with the provisions of the Assurance Companies Act, 1946. The above figure is £163,684 more than the comparable figure in 1945. The Underwriting Account for 1944 has now been closed, with a balance of £359,160, which compares with £326,611 on the 1943 account. After setting aside £97,693 to meet further claims, which maintains the reserve for previous years at £425,000, a balance of £261,467 is carried to Profit and Loss.

In the Trustee Department, the fees received during 1946 amounted to £9,974, an increase of £1,884 over those for 1945.

The average gross rate of interest over the whole of the funds of the Company, which was £4 2s 10d per cent, while a little lower than that for 1945, was higher than for any previous year since 1941. The following appropriations have been made from the Profit and Loss Account: £75,000 to writing down of premises; £50,000 to the Staff Pension Fund, and £80,000 to the additional reserve in the Accident and Miscellaneous Insurance Account, and we have again made an additional contribution of £25,000 to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Your Board feel that the time has come when they may safely increase the dividend, which for so long has been at the rate of 18/- per share, to 20/-. As an interim dividend of 8/- was paid last January, the final dividend payable in July will be 12/- per share, and it is proposed that should the circumstances at the end of the present year justify it, the interim dividend next January will be increased to 10/-, in which case the final dividend would revert to its previous figure. I have no doubt that this will meet with your approval

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Complementary to these, many hundreds of short and *simple* films are needed, planned for specific audiences. They can often be silent and need not be expensive. It is essential that film should be used to aid the teacher in day-to-day detailed instruction; and simple, expository productions, without the technical complexity of those already commissioned, are a practical proposition which the Ministry's committee should examine without delay. It should at the same time study the possibility of mass-producing projectors under Government contract, for sale to schools at cost price. Michael Clarke

20 Gower Mews Mansions,
W.C.1.

## HUMAN DECENCY

Sir,—During the first of several sentences of imprisonment I served as a conscientious objector between 1916 and 1919 I fell in with a Cockney housebreaker. Although the silence rule was enforced much more rigidly then than it is to-day, special circumstances that I need not particularise provided me with frequent opportunities of conversation with him. He had already served several progressively longer sentences of imprisonment but had no intention of giving up his "profession." Indeed, he told me where his next effort was to be but, as he was released before I was, I never learnt whether he had been successful or not. Incidentally his invariable practice was to steal from places covered by insurance where there would be no personal loss. It was a new idea to him that he was still stealing from the community.

He told me that he had stolen from his youth up; that he had had to be taken away from Sunday School because he stole books from the Library. His brother on the other hand, was incapable of "lifting a spud off a gridiron."

One day he said: "You know, I can't understand you chaps, you got no defence against anyone. Before you came in 'ere I didn't think there was such a thing as a conscientious objector. I thought you was all cowards. O' course, I don't think so now but I can't understand you. You got no defence against anyone. Supposin' you had a tobacconist's shop I could come in and pinch a box o' cigarettes; you wouldn't do nothing to me, you wouldn't prosecute me. You got no defence. O' course, knowin' the sort o' chaps you are I wouldn't think o' doin' it on yer."

I wish I could finish this letter there, but honesty compels me to add that I have also known men so degraded that they would not merely steal over and over again from people who had shown them nothing but trust and kindness, but would use their names and addresses to enable them to touch others, people who were so soft-hearted that when such men were subsequently convicted of other offences would go to the courts and say what they could in mitigation. This does not make the first part of my letter untrue or less significant, it is arguable that part at least of the degradation is the result of earlier mistreatment, but both types of response to trust and kindness have to be taken into account by honest reformers. We have a duty to the criminal that society does little to acknowledge, but, in their laudable desire to arouse the conscience of the community to this, reformers often give the impression that they are unaware or careless of the duty we owe to his innocent victims.

Dalton Hall, G. A. Sutherland
Manchester, 14.

## SEMI-FASCIST SOUTH AFRICA?

Sir,—Miss Watts' attack on the Union's policies in respect of South-West Africa and the treatment of the non-European population is an example of how an almost ideological anxiety to brand everything South African as semi-Fascist results in a one-sided presentation of the Union's problems. On this basis it is a comparatively simple matter to portray the South African scene in the darkest of colours. But facile condemnation without any attempt to explain the cause and seek a practicable remedy in no way promotes a better understanding of the complexities of our racial relations.

Miss Watts, for instance, makes great play with conditions which we all deplore—the growth of shanty towns, abuses in the operation of the pass laws, the presence of poverty, disease and malnutrition—and attributes them all to the colour bar. No one defends these evils but it would be equally foolish to argue that they are solely the result of, and represent the deliberate intention of, a colour bar policy. In part they are the temporary manifestation of a rapid industrialisation of a largely primitive economy, which is being carried through in a period of world shortage of food and materials for housing and other necessities. In part they are the heritage of Africa, a continent just emerging from primitive backwardness, where the combating of ignorance and disease is one of the most difficult tasks in the world. In part they are the result of our history, a stormy and difficult one, which has left its mark on every part of our community and cannot simply be condemned and then disregarded. The gulf in civilisation, language and outlook between the various sections of our community, though narrowing every year, is still very wide. Nevertheless, the graph showing our progress in racial understanding is rising steadily, particularly when one takes into account the increased strains and stresses arising out of the war and our rapid industrialisation. A great deal has been done, of which Miss Watts makes no mention, to counter the evils which are part of our heritage, and more will be done in the future as materials come forward in greater supply. This progress can be and is being promoted by vigorous criticism by South Africans in every section of our community, European, Indian, Coloured and Native. Miss Watts herself can make a far more constructive contribution in the Johannesburg Council Chamber than in a diatribe against the Union Government in The New Statesman and Nation. Constructive criticisms by persons who know the conditions and can appreciate the difficulties and complexities are the life-blood of democratic evolution. But the loose bandying about of charges of Fascism or semi-Fascism, often by speakers or writers who look at the South African scene in terms of European politics, does not help one iota. D. B. Sole

South Africa House,
London, W.C.2.

## *KEEP LEFT*

Sir,—It has been pointed out to us that a passage on page 1 of *Keep Left* which describes the methods of financing the British war effort does grave injustice to the Canadian people by lumping Canadian financial assistance in with the sterling balances and by omitting any reference to the gift of 1 billion dollars in 1942, the Mutual Aid given between 1943 and 1945 and the cancellation in 1946 of the sums owed by Great Britain for the Empire air training scheme. We recognise how distressing this passage must be to Canadian readers and would like to assure them on behalf of the other authors that we all appreciate to the full the magnificent spirit shown by Canada in this as in all other aspects of the common war effort.

House of Commons. R. H. S. Crossman
Michael Foot
Ian Mikardo

## A LINGUISTIC PUZZLE

Sir,—When in Bologna the other day I asked in Italian the way from a passer-by. He replied in French that he did not speak Italian. I therefore repeated my question in French and asked if he was a Frenchman. Presumably thinking I was French he replied that he was English. I then said in English that in that case we had been wasting our time talking French because I was English too. Not in the least embarrassed he said that he had made a mistake in saying he was English but was in fact a Norwegian. Whereat, confused and desperate, I cried in Norwegian, of which I speak but little, that in that case I was a Pole, and continued on my way wondering.

Trieste. Spiros X. Dimopolou

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JONATHAN CAPE

# BOOKS IN GENERAL

Our first reaction to Chinese poetry—to one of those sad-gay versicles that aim, by telling so little, to convey so much—is apt to be one of amazement: the amazement of the hand that has exerted itself in lifting a coffee-pot, only to find it empty. So! Very exactly the coffee-pot is set down, the poem perhaps re-read. Half a dozen lines impart the widening interval between a skiff and a seashore, or the poet's neuralgia, or the thought that at night on the mountain-top it will be lonely. But (we exclaim to ourselves) that can't be all! It is, though. Then from a haunting inadequacy one begins to draw sustenance. The names—that can never quite be remembered—create a distance in space as the medieval accoutrements do in time; chariots, lutes, oxen in paddyfields lend themselves more to isolation than would, for a Londoner, lamp-posts and taxicabs; girls sidle away from the flower-market, a coach sweeps by with a tinkle of bells and a flash of brocade; even the tax-collector, entering by the Blue Gate, can waft enchantment. Here, if not lyrical intoxication, is a *chinoiserie* that sorts well with willow-patterns and silks. We take to it, serious gamesters, as the billiards player might to ping-pong: as something, that is to say, a little airily outside our recognition of poetry. It is, we may finally agree, poetry, but not just what we mean by poetry. A taste that has become very pleasant remains superficial, generalised, unrelated. The proof of this? For thirty years now Mr. Arthur Waley, in his translations from the Chinese*, has been offering us, modestly, some of the most original poetry written in our time; and the fact goes unrecognised.

Of course, he has been accorded his place apart: the place of a specialist. But the more highly we value him as scholar and translator (not knowing, probably, ourselves one end of a Chinese script from another), the further we are putting off the necessity of considering him as an original poet. For he is, precisely, that. Into English poetry Mr. Waley has introduced a lightness so new and natural, that the reader, accustomed to far heavier pulls, will almost certainly at first fail to catch on. Or, catching on, he will ascribe this peculiar lightness to its Eastern derivation, and so in a sense miss recognising and enjoying it. The quality, let me emphasise at once, is Mr. Waley's own: it may or may not exist in the original. Almost certainly, I imagine, it cannot. The greater part of Chinese poetry is, we know, even more tradition-bound than our own, and therefore pegged down by association and echo, the absence of which so notably distinguishes Mr. Waley's style. What sort of poetry comes to an English reader's mind at the mention of the word "light"? Shakespeare's songs, Blake's Songs of Innocence, Herrick's nosegays, Lewis Carroll? All, we should agree, in their differing ways are light. But light within a framework of rhyme, of wit, of literary tradition: Lewis Carroll's dream-nonsense depends on the existence of more solemn measures. Mr. Waley achieves a touch lighter than any of these.

> Shu is away in the hunting-fields,
> There is no one living in our lane.
> Of course, there *are* people living in our lane;
> But they are not like Shu,
> So beautiful, so good.
>
> Shu has gone after game.
> No one drinks wine in our lane.
> Of course, people *do* drink wine in our lane;
> But they are not like Shu,
> So beautiful, so loved.
>
> Shu has gone to the wilds,
> No one drives horses in our lane.
> Of course people *do* drive horses in our lane;
> But they are not like Shu,
> So beautiful, so brave.

Following after the others it would even have to be read in a different, easier tone. The ascription—"Anon., 7th century B.C."—seems beside the point. The words, untethered to literary feeling, rhythm, or image of any kind, fly away cageless on wings of current speech, a speech as simple as any could well be without false simplicities. Yet the feeling of absence, the boast, the sigh, the reassuring humorous gesture, the young girl's way of putting things to herself or to a companion are there as though she were in the room. What is remarkable about this little complaint (don't too hastily brush aside its colloquial charm) is not only the voice's appeal but a complete escape from the drugged use of words and rhythms almost inseparable from a Christian romantic literature. Live colloquial speech is so rare in our poetry that its appearance startles like a paradox. After the orchestral ravings of Lear—one can find anything in Shakespeare—comes the marvellous "What, cold, my girl"; Blake wrote some inspired nursery rhymes before enveloping himself in mists of prophecy; the extreme simplicities of Wordsworth are nearly always extremely flat.

But Mr. Waley's poem isn't, if one reads it again, either paradoxical or flat. This is a feather-weight example of his usual manner; and the happy accident by which a succession of bare statements are touched with feeling, and speech rhythms acquire their own distinct pattern, is the result of deliberate and subtle art. "Of course people *do* drink wine in our lane!" The rhythmic possibilities there, in a mode of utterance such as one may hear any day of the week, could only have been caught by the most delicately attuned ear. To pick out irregularities already more than halfway on the road to poetry is easy enough. Swinburne took the magnificent "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept" and matched it with heaven knows how many lines similarly stressed; with each repetition, needless to say, the original effect was weakened. The essence of Mr. Waley's achievement is that he takes not from literature but from life, and that instead of depressing he raises what he takes.

Here is another "familiar" piece: the familiarity this time springs from the scene itself (as rawly touching as a moment in a Chaplin film) rather than from manner or diction:

> Winter has come; fierce is the cold;
> In the sharp morning air new-risen we meet.
> Rheum freezes in the nose;
> Frost hangs about the chin.
> For hollow bellies, for chattering teeth and
> shivering knees
> What better than hot cake?
> Soft as the down of spring,
> Whiter than autumn floss!
> Dense and swift the steam
> Rises, swells and spreads.
> Fragrance flies through the air,
> Is scattered far and wide,
> Steals down along the wind and wets
> The covetous mouth of passer-by.
> Servants and grooms
> Throw sidelong glances, munch the empty air.
> They lick their lips who serve;
> While lines of envious lackeys by the wall
> Stand dryly swallowing.

Very unusual in any poem by Mr. Waley, there is (in line 11) an unmistakable literary echo.

The idea that with these few hundreds of pieces—a mere drop from the ocean of Chinese poetry—he has struck wayward and accidental beauties on the borderline of prose can be dismissed as fantastically untrue. In the preface to this new selection Mr. Waley gives one of his rare clues to a technical method when he writes:

> Out of the Chinese five-word line I developed between 1916 and 1923 a metre, based on what Gerard Manley Hopkins called "sprung rhythm," which I believe to be just as much an English metre as blank verse.

(This hint was admirably expanded by Mr. Waley in a B.B.C. Third Programme talk given last February.) Sprung rhythm—that is to say, the line determined not by feet but by number of stresses—admits the rise and fall, the pauses, the hurryings of speech to a degree impossible in any other metre. It is indeed both the least artificial and the most emphatic measure in English. As used by Hopkins, who established a principle long latent in our poetry and only now making itself felt, sprung rhythm has tended to be associated with a resonant, knotted, and unravelling kind of delivery, which is in fact Hopkins's own highly dramatic extension of it.

> Í did say yés
> O at líghtning and láshed ród;
> Thou heardst me truer than tongue confess
> Thy terror, O Christ, O God . . . .

There lasht—as it must be pronounced—gives the natural emphasis which lashëd (required by an ordinary foot scansion) would feebly smooth away. The limits of sprung rhythm would seem to be that not more than three stresses should fall adjacent, and that not more than four or, at the most, five unaccented syllables should intervene between stresses. Both these conditions will be found in the following (six-stress) line: "Oúr évening is over us; oúr night whélms, whélms, ánd will end us." Beyond these limits, sprung rhythm ceases to be verse and becomes prose.

Hopkins also made quieter use of this metre, and what attracted Mr. Waley was, I imagine, not its possibilities of energy (for he is an exact lyrist), but the fact that it opened a door to new and natural speech. The blank verse line, with all its variations, has been explored by so many poets of genius from Shakespeare and Milton on, that its use to-day cannot be other than highly artificial. Tennyson's blank verse is exquisitely mannered, while Browning's attempts to break through artifice, in *The Ring and the Book*, for example, result as often as not in slapdash violence. We should prefer that a good deal of it were in prose, and a good deal *is* in prose, or rather in a hybrid of prose and metre. Browning's represents, I think, the last spontaneous fling in blank verse. Note how easily, by comparison, Mr. Waley's use of a five-stress line in sprung rhythm avoids on the one hand the flatly prosaic and on the other the stalely poetical:

> A cock crowed; outside it was growing light.
> The young wife rose and tidied herself.
> She puts about her a broidered, lined gown.
> Takes what she needs, four or five things.
> And now on her feet she slips her silk shoes;
> In her hair are shining combs of tortoiseshell.
> Her waist is supple as the flow of rustling silk;
> At her ear she dangles a bright crescent moon.
> White her fingers as the slender onion stem;
> She seems in her mouth to hold cinnabar and
> pearls.
> Slender, slender she treads with small steps,
> More fine, more lovely than any lady in the
> world . . . .

The movement, the emphasis, the tone nowhere coincide with those of blank verse. Or again, with quite different effect though employing the same metre (let me mark the five-to-a-line stresses so as to make the rhythms quite evident):

> Áfter lúnch—óne shórt náp;
> On wáking úp—twó cúps of téa.
> Raísing my heád, I sée the sún's líght
> Ónce agáin slánting to the soúth-wést.
> Thóse who are háppy regrét the shórtness of the
> dáy.
> Thóse who are sád tíre of the yeár's slóth.
> But thóse whose héarts are devoíd of jóy or sádness
> Just gó on líving regárdless of "shórt" or "lóng."

This brief poem ("After Lunch") provides an altogether delightful example of the kind of verse introduced by Mr. Waley.

And it has (to return to the quality common to all these pieces, some more imposing or bejewelled than those quoted) a levity peculiar to itself. We can't exactly weigh it—thank heaven!—because nothing quite like it has come our way before. The poetic, we may suddenly realise, is not confined to grand moments and high-horse encounters, or to bagatelles in which the writer has playfully or archly condescended. Why shouldn't he talk unaffectedly of the drizzle as well as of high heaven, of bedsocks as well as love, of his books, of boredom, of getting too drunk or too old? That is just what the collective Chinese poet represented by Mr. Waley succeeds in doing. He writes as one might (given the inspiration) talk; he accommodates the deep with the trivial; he delicately, coolly enchants. He's as fresh as paint!

G. W. Stonier

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**Chinese Poems.* Selection from the Translations of Arthur Waley. *Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.*

## WILLIAM MORRIS

**William Morris, Medievalist and Revolutionary.** By MARGARET R. GRENNAN. *King's Crown Press, New York. Cumberlege. 16s. 6d.*

Many of the internal conflicts and disturbances of the Victorian Age found their expression through the newly awakened sense of history. At both the popular and the anti-popular level, the consciousness of belonging to a *parvenu* civilisation, and a mean one, turned men's thoughts to what was "Old and Rich." Both the degradation of the poor and the intellectual confusions of the educated led to the restless eclectic search throughout the past for a style of human life which was happy, integrated, creative and dignified. Jowett to the Greeks, Kingsley to the sea-dogs, Carlyle to a long kaleidoscopic series of historical heroes, went with arid hearts in their hands begging for a transfusion of ancient blood. The Elizabethan sideboards and ecclesiastical dressing-tables of 1851 were a vulgar, surface expression of the same awareness that progress was bleak: ingenuity led to parasitism.

But history provided also a great psychological release. The young Burne-Jones walking along the Isis to Godstow, re-creating all the landscape with medieval life and colour, is typical of many who found that the contemporary setting denied scope to their energies and feelings. Among all the historical eclecticism, the strongest, most pervasive and various urges of sympathy were towards the Middle Ages; and to the vulgar that period was oldest and richest. For decades much of our cultural life turned upon contrasted forms of medievalism, affecting all things from cathedrals to women's clothes, all literature from epics to children's stories, and all kinds of politics from Young England to the Social Democratic Federation.

An American study of William Morris, which came out some time ago but has not yet been reviewed here, is an admirable contribution to the understanding of certain sides of this medievalism. Its author, Margaret R. Grennan, is more concerned with Morris's political and social ideas than with his poetry or his work in other arts. In an excellent survey of earlier political medievalists she gives proper and necessary weight to Cobbett, Southey and Kenelm Digby; and she rightly opposes those who try to minimise the influence of Ruskin on Morris. When he came on the scene the atmosphere was so saturated with diverse medieval tastes that it has even been said that Morris was "born" a medievalist. It is indeed astonishing that a man of his receptiveness and capacity for enjoyment should have had such slight appreciation of the art or life of any other period. He whisks *Cupid and Psyche* along with *Ogier the Dane* into a No-Man's-Land with a "faint medieval colouring"; he faintly praises Queen Anne houses only because they still "stretch out a hand towards the Gothic times"; he calls the eighteenth century a "slough of despond." Yet it is exactly with the furniture of the eighteenth century that the later Morris chairs look most at home.

A social doctrine was inherent in Morris's medievalism from the moment when he read Ruskin "On the Nature of Gothic"; when he reprinted it almost forty years later he said it would be considered "one of the very few necessary and inevitable utterances of the century." From it he seized upon the idea that "art is the expression of man's pleasure in labour," which was reinforced by his hatred of competitive industrial individualism and the degradation of labour it implied. Miss Grennan is excellent in describing the original literature and the work of contemporary historians through which Morris came to apply this idea to medieval life. She knows that in using history for propaganda he often distorted and simplified it, and that he varied his presentation for different audiences; she suggests, too, that he underestimated the part played by scholastic theology and philosophy in framing the continuity of impulse and creative style which ran through several centuries. But the centre of her book, as it was the centre of Morris's life, is the discovery that even within the medieval social order the principle of conflict was the principle of life. In such popular lectures as *Hopes and Fears for Art*, Morris often seemed to speak as if the Middle Ages were a long, almost uniform, period in which great art remained a constant, anonymous, spontaneous product of the people. But his two main social romances with medieval themes, *The Revolt of Ghent* and *A Dream of John Ball*, both dealt with revolts by one section of the people against the oppressive authority of another. It was at this point that a sense of history, such as Burne-Jones never grew out of, became a philosophy of history: Morris had reached Marx. He thus escaped the flabbiness and futility which afflicted so much Victorian medievalising, and indeed weakened his own earlier medievalist poems. He had never been far misled by revivals; he gave up his early Puseyism; even though more sympathetic than disappointed at the achievements of neo-Gothic architecture he saw that "It is all hung in the air." And he eventually reached the point of seeing that his own medievalist crafts had to go overboard if a spirit similar to that which had bred them was in the course of history to recur. Death "bears new quickening within it."

Miss Grennan's book is most valuable both for historical purposes and for understanding Morris's greatness. It is also very attractively produced by the King's Crown Press, a division of the Columbia University Press organised specially to publish works of scholarship cheap.

HUMPHRY HOUSE

## NEW NOVELS

**The Wild Sweet Witch.** By PHILIP WOODRUFF. *Cape. 8s. 6d.*

**Agents and Witnesses.** By P. H. NEWBY. *Cape. 9s.*

**Genevieve.** By JACQUES LEMARCHAND. *John Lehmann. 7s. 6d.*

I must admit to having read *The Wild Sweet Witch* with more than ordinary interest. The fact is the setting of this book is the rather remote and little-known Himalayan district of Garhwal, in which I happen to have spent a good many years of my earlier life; I mention this because it is seldom that a reviewer is in a position to comment upon the authenticity of a novel which deals with so alien a culture.

The story begins in 1875 and ends in 1938, and is concerned largely with changing political conditions among a people who, even to-day, have little interest in politics. More specifically, it is the history of one, Jodh Singh, who, by the efforts of his peasant forebears, is able to get a university education. When he returns to the hills of his native Garhwal he is a convinced nationalist, one who sees nothing but bad in the whole system of British administration. Unfortunately for him, however, the very people he tries so hard to help are persuaded by his Brahman enemies that he has the power to turn himself into a man-eating panther, a commonly-held belief in this part of the world. The consequences of this affair, which culminate in a highly dramatic episode, are described in a most convincing manner.

This book is a definite contribution to the literature on India. Mr. Woodruff happens to have written it in the form of a novel, but it is at the same time of considerable anthropological importance. The background of Garhwali family life is completely authentic, and the author seems to me to have gained a quite unusual insight into the psychology of these backward but lovable people, who have much in common with their better-known neighbours, the Gurkhas. The descriptions of scenery, too, are excellent, and Mr. Woodruff has the gift of making the reader share his own very evident enjoyment of this lovely and unspoilt corner of India. His weakness is in the drawing of the few European characters, who, with the exception of Mr. Bennett (who unites in himself some of the characteristics of three actual officials who served in Garhwal during the nineteenth century), seem like stuffed dummies in comparison with the vividly alive people by whom they are surrounded. It is obvious that they interested Mr. Woodruff as little as they will his readers. Fortunately, they play only a minor part in the story.

In describing Mr. Newby's novel as a disappointment, I do not wish to be misunderstood. He is, in my opinion, one of the most interesting and perhaps significant English novelists who have begun to write since the war; and although his first book was, I think, somewhat overpraised (perhaps because it stood out from the general level of competent mediocrity to which we have become accustomed), it did lead one to hope that here at last was a young writer with something definite to say. It seemed to me at the time, however, that Mr. Newby had not quite made up his mind what it was that he wanted to write about, and *Agents and Witnesses* is disappointing only because it does nothing to suggest that its author has now resolved his doubts. Mr. Newby has a remarkable talent for evoking an atmosphere, and his characters are closely observed. Unhappily, the present collection of people differs little from that in his previous novel, of which this is almost a *postiche*. There is a similar vaguely Mediterranean background, slightly out of focus so as not to detract, and the same sort of frustrated people who are not quite sure what they want from life. It is all very cleverly done; but from so promising a writer as Mr. Newby one expected a great deal more.

During the war, Mr. John Lehmann, by his editing of the periodical *New Writing and Daylight*, was one of the very few people in this country who enabled us to keep in touch with the work of Continental writers. He has now begun the publication of a series of books under the general title of "The Modern European Library" which is to consist of translations of rather longer works than have hitherto been possible. *Genevieve* is the first of the series, and, like *Agents and Witnesses*, it, too, deals with frustration. With the subject matter, however, resemblance ends, for M. Lemarchand is never in doubt as to what he wishes to say. He has taken as his theme the story of two men in love with the same woman, his purpose being "to dissect a piece of human suffering, a not uncommon one, into as many parts as are required for a thorough understanding of its nature." Genevieve herself does not appear, nor is there anywhere a description of her; yet such is the clarity with which the thoughts of the narrator of the story are described that we are made to see her as clearly as in a photograph. This is a highly original piece of writing; and the fact that the translation is by Miss Rosamond Lehmann is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence.

JOHN MORRIS

## THREE MEN REMEMBER

**In My Fashion.** By HERBERT M. MORAN. *Peter Davies. 15s.*

**Restless Summer.** By PAUL TABORI. *Sylvan Press. 10s. 6d.*

**Autobiography, 1891-1941.** By GILBERT THOMAS. *Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.*

They make a strange trio—the Australian doctor who served in the Duce's Abyssinian war, the Hungarian anti-Fascist, and the English pacifist. I wonder if they could ever have shared a table as quietly as now their books share mine?

Dr. Moran recalls the last decade of a life which closed painfully and courageously while his book was in the press. There are the immediately pre-war years when we see him in Rome, devoting his retirement to the promotion of better relations between Britain and Italy, the country with which (as a sensitive, cultured Catholic) he had so natural an affinity. Then comes the war, when despite his age he joined the R.A.M.C. and served in England as M.O., and later as president of a Medical Board. Finally there are the first few months of victory, during which he knew himself to be dying of the very cancer to which he had devoted so many years of research.

An aggressive, yet attractive, personality emerges from the book. He was not uncritical of Italian Fascism, but he preferred it to the "Asiatic nihilism" which he felt was threatening Europe. He has strong, familiar prejudices. We are once more told that the Duce gave his country punctual trains. There is the old implication that there need have been no war if the Oxford Union had never passed its "King and country" resolution. His view of young England, coloured by embittering experiences as an Army doctor, is expressed with that scathing frankness which is the privilege of near relatives like our Australian cousins. His trenchant anecdotes will carry many of us back to the life we have so recently and so gladly left. (I was reminded myself of the mystification with which I first read a memo on the Orderly Corporal's table, "0900 *hrs—Nuts men for trick cyclist*." Dr. Moran had no use for psychiatric treatment and roundly declares that he "never saw any valuable results in the Army.") But no sooner has one snorted and decided to dismiss him as a Blimp than he writes something so fair and so sensitive that the heart warms and the head assents in sympathy. The closing section, the diary not merely of a dying man but of a specialist noting his own symptoms and assessing probabilities, is a piece of brave, restrained writing. On June 30th he wrote: "Were I not a Catholic I would not willingly suffer more," but on July 5th he went on: "I fear I exaggerate." He finished the book that month and died in November.

*Restless Summer*, I fear, found at least one reader restless. It is a formless book: one cannot give a book form merely by splitting it into lengths labelled with the names of months and such sub-titles as "Mainly Literary" and "Somewhat Political." Claimed to be a "personal record of what he heard and saw" during the months following VE Day, Mr. Tabori's book is filled rather with memories of the past, forecasts for the future, and long disquisitions on the difficult position of authors and the iniquities of Hollywood. Mr. Tabori being a vivid journalist and an intelligent civilised man, these things are often worth saying, but he did *not* see or hear them during that "restless summer," and only a genuine diary-form could justify his title, his blurb, or the disconnection of his thoughts. It is amusing to learn that R. C. Sherriff arrived in Hollywood to do the script of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*—and found James Hilton "busily engaged on the film-version of *Journey's End*." There is the story of Sam Goldwyn, wishing to film *La Prisonnière*, but warned by his scenario-chief that the heroine of the play was a Lesbian. "'So what?' said Sam, turning over his cigar, 'we'll make her an American girl.'" Amusing, but how relevant? And most of the book—the moving and the provocative passages as well—seems scarcely more relevant to a purpose which, were it not proclaimed on the dust-jacket, would have been hard indeed to discern.

Compared with Dr. Moran and Mr. Tabori, Mr. Thomas appears as a gentle, undramatic character whose memories include nothing more sensational than a spell in Wormwood Scrubbs as a conscientious objector in 1917, which he describes with some humour and no bitterness at all. There is a good moment when he arrives at Warley Barracks to surrender himself, having sensibly taken a taxi from the station:

> The great courtyard was full of soldiers drilling; other companies were exercising upon the sward; the air resounded with martial clamour. In view of the assembled hosts, the car came to a standstill. A corporal stepped forward smartly and, saluting, opened the door. . . .

Not only pacifists will enjoy that little scene.

He paints good pictures—boyhood in a provincial city (Leicester) at the turn of the century, Covent Garden publishing in the days when the benign spirit of Dickens still brooded over the office, editorship in the palmy days of literary journalism and a multiplication of competing papers. He is a kindly portraitist—the affectionate "full-length" of Arthur Waugh is notable—but his own portrait is built up slowly by modest, sincere touches, with a result which will appeal to almost all viewers without unfairly flattering the artist. Old-fashioned, no doubt, with a firm Nonconformist backbone, a passion for real and model railways surviving from boyhood, and ideals about writing and publishing which it is not smart to hold to-day, Mr. Thomas speaks like a voice from the past (it is a shock to be reminded by the title that he was born as recently as 1891), but a voice which for a change it is very, very pleasant to hear.

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## AN OXFORD ACCENT

**Lubeck Diary.** By A. G. DICKENS. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Dickens has written of Germany another of those impressionistic records that, before the war, were the staple diet of our information on the Soviet Union. There is the same didactic temper, the same pretentious conjecture, the same vice of clothing every trite personal experience with an almost Gargantuan significance. The style, as here, is often prosily tendentious; for the author is an Oxford don who possesses the academic fault of extracting sermons from stones. The book, nevertheless, is full of pen portraits of Germans and Eastern Europeans which reveal a ready eye for character; for Mr. Dickens was editor of the first free newspaper to appear in Lubeck and he manages to portray quite vividly the mass-effort of a people to raise itself up from slavery. Through his eyes we watch the emergence into tentative activity of all those elements—the churches, the trade unions, the party groups, the artist and the musician—that had withered under the Nazi Leviathan; and, unlike most Army officers, he had the imagination to utilise the renaissance in both the material and the management of his paper.

Mr. Dickens spoils his canvas, however, by an effort to constrain it to the perspective of a single view. The evil genius of Germany, for him, has been the Prussian idea of the state and Fascism is nothing much more than a variation upon that dangerous theme. The best escape from its poison resides in the Federalist organisation of the Fourth Reich into regional autonomies based on those local prides and prejudices which, for Mr. Dickens, are the real key to the German character. Especially must there emerge a North-West German state centred around Hamburg for there, it seems, reigns a "European" Christian Humanism alien to the totalitarian temperament which at times Mr. Dickens seems

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METHUEN

to equate with a supposed Slav-Prussian racialism. The thesis quite ignores the relations of Hitler with the Rhine industrialists ; indeed, its author wants to revive that middle-class philosophy which did so much to carry Hitler into power. It assumes, like that school of thought embodied in M. Maritain and Mr. Christopher Dawson, that massive irreconcilabilities divorce a " spiritual " West from a " materialist " East. It assumes, further, that the classic political virtues imbedded in this " spiritual " context can operate in an historical vacuum in response, as it were, to a national effort of will " moderate " enough to ensure their success. What Mr. Dickens wants, one suspects, is a Western Europe invigorated by the quiet grace of that Oxford Liberalism which has never really gone beyond the assumptions of T. H. Green ; and institutionalised in a German regionalism inspired by the mediæval Hanse. We are not told how that fits in with the unitary nature of German industrialism or even with that national sense which Mr. Dickens dismisses as a Prussian trick ; although his own criticism of the economic idiocy of Potsdam reveals that he is aware of the dilemma. And the efforts, in the official British and American proposals for Germany, to reconcile political federalism with a central government endowed with sufficient powers to organise a gigantic economic reconstruction, are a further illustration of the contradictions inherent in a political theory which the development of the business corporation has rendered obsolete.

Mr. Dickens, indeed, illustrates the limitations of the English liberal mind. The English people, it assumes rather than asserts, has mastered the secret of government which it must now impart under duress of duty, to its defeated enemy. Mr. Dickens is aware, of course, that the theme has its critics ; but he erects them as so many ninepins—Colonel Blimp or Mr. Schwarzschild, the German socialist or the geopoliticist—in order to knock them down in the best tutorial manner. It would not be unfair to him, I think, to say that he conceives Europe as nothing much more than a vast lecture-room in which we play the role of tutor and the European that of pupil. He ought to remember Rousseau's sceptical remark that no people has ever been turned into a nation of philosophers.

G. K. LEWIS

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*For postal subscription rates see page 359.*

## THE ENGLISHMAN ABROAD

**The Traveller's Eye.** By DOROTHY CARRINGTON. *Pilot Press.* 18*s.*

Miss Carrington has carried out an agreeable idea excellently. Planning at first an anthology of English travel literature, she was defeated by the mass of material ; there was altogether too much of it. But, as she writes, " in the unsifted and largely forgotten mass of English travel literature I gradually became aware of a development, as definite as that of English poetry or of the English novel." She has produced in illustration of her thesis a fascinating and many-sided book, part anthology from a very wide range of sources, part comment on the passages chosen and the authors. It may, therefore, be read in many ways: as a straightforward anthology ; as a study in the development of English prose ; as a most subtle record of the Englishman's changing attitudes over four centuries to the world outside his island ; and as a history of the spell that certain cities and countries have cast upon him. Rightly, the book begins with the English in Paris.

Aldous Huxley has said : " Your genuine traveller is so much interested in real things that he does not find it necessary to believe in fables. He is insatiably curious, he loves what is unfamiliar for the sake of its unfamiliarity." If this is so, then, as Miss Carrington shows, the genuine traveller is a comparatively recent creature, a product of the growth of curiosity that developed in the seventeenth century. There were, of course, genuine travellers before then, and Miss Carrington quotes from them ; men such as " the Hiero-solymitan Syrian-Mesopotamian - Armenian - Median - Parthian-Persian-India-Legge-strecher of Odcombe in Somerset, Thomas Coryate." Coryate, that gay, garrulous connoisseur of the curious, travelled for pleasure, to see what he could see. In this he was not at all typical of his age. His contemporaries, the great Elizabethan voyagers, were lured abroad not by the prospect of indulgence in that most delightful of all dissipations, the exercise of idle (or disinterested) curiosity, but by a fable. It had many names—the North-west Passage, El Dorado, Cathay ; the search for it gave rise to many fascinating by-products, a magnificent travel literature and the United States of America among them ; but the fable itself remained a fable, a fable of gold that was as fabulous, had they but known it, as the pot of gold at the rainbow's end. Led on by this image of the unattainable, the Elizabethans travelled grimly and with awe, perished in the jungle and among the ice-floes with grandiloquent invocations to God in their mouths. They had the sense of wonder, but of curiosity almost nothing, for curiosity—disrespectful, impertinent—cannot function until the sense of wonder is dead. They lived, as Miss Carrington says of Raleigh, " in a dream that no discouragement could shatter," and the records of their travels have a dreamlike quality.

The difference between these men and the later travellers is seen in the figure of William Dampier, of whom it has often been wondered how so able a man could have been content to drift round the world for so many years as a bucanneer—and a pretty humble one at that. The answer surely is that by no other means could a man of Dampier's class in the seventeenth century indulge his passion simply for seeing things, " his incorrigible taste for aimless adventure," in Miss Carrington's words. He is behaving in character when, ill at Tongking and with only two dollars in the world, he sets out on a walking tour through a wholly unfamiliar country inhabited by people whose language he cannot speak. In history he appears feckless and a failure—infuriatingly so, for his gifts were great. But he did write his *Voyages*.

Dampier's passion for seeing things possessed him like a lust, made him much more than a simple sight-seer. Simple sight-seers have their place in Miss Carrington's book, ladies as diverse as Mary Wortley Montagu and Janet Schaw. And so too have those who, neither mere tourists nor travellers in Mr. Huxley's sense, have fallen in love with one particular place, as Thomas Manning at the beginning of the nineteenth century fell in love with China, Ruskin with Venice and George Moore with Paris. Of all the narratives of the dotty and extraordinary in Miss Carrington none is dottier than that of Moore's *blague* about his life in Paris :

> A Japanese dressing-gown, the ideality of whose tissue delights me, some fresh milk and honey set by this couch hung with royal fringes ; and having partaken of this odorous refreshment, I call to Jack, my great python crawling about after a two months' fast. I tie up a guinea-pig to the *tabouret*, pure Louis XV, the little beast struggles and squeaks, the snake, his black, bead-like eyes are

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fixed, how superb are the oscillations . . . now he strikes: and with what exquisite gourmandise he lubricates and swallows!

Miss Carrington has made her book out of remarkably wide reading, and she herself writes very well and very shrewdly. Refreshingly, she chooses for quotation the unexpected rather than the familiar. Because of the pattern of her book she has had to omit certain countries, notably Spain, Greece and Latin America. One hopes that she will deal with the Englishman abroad in these regions in a later book—think of what good writing the impact of Mexico, for instance, on Englishmen has provoked in the last twenty years. But the present book is itself a positive store-house of riches. It is admirably and lavishly illustrated, often with the work of the English travellers themselves. It is a pity, though, that this valuable and handsomely produced book should be marred by a highly eccentric index, scandalously bad proof-reading, and the lack of a tabulated list of sources. WALTER ALLEN

## KIERKEGAARD'S ETHIC

**Works of Love.** By SØREN KIERKEGAARD. Translated by David F. Swenson and Lilian M. Swenson. *Oxford University Press.* 18*s.*

Kierkegaard, writing in Denmark a century ago, defined the intention of his authorship to be the reintroduction of Christianity into Christendom. His task was twofold: to expose and undermine the illusion that "in such a land as ours all are Christians of a sort" and to make clear that a new departure for the spirit of man is a possibility on the ground that each fleeting moment of time is an historical point of departure for an eternal consciousness. In the discharge of this task he recovered a lost tradition and discovered the saint.

An illusion is not as a garment which a man may cast off at will, neither is it as a limb which may be amputated if diseased. Like truth, illusion is an inward appropriation and assimilation, and if a man is to get out of it there must be a radical alteration in the structure of his thinking, feeling and willing, which he alone can effect, and the adoption of a fresh point of view. The essential difference between truth and illusion is easily defined. Both are held passionately, but, whereas with truth passion is constant, with illusion it is the differential factor. The finite, like the temporal, is divisive. Truth is a movement of the infinite towards the finite and of the finite towards the infinite; illusion is a passionate halting of the movement towards the infinite, a coming to rest upon an objective certainty of some kind or other as upon a fixed point.

If, then, one is in process of effecting this movement, what is one's relationship to another who is in an illusion, and how does one act in the relationship? These are Kierkegaard's questions, and the pattern of his authorship, seen in its entirety, gives his answer. May I stress this point: while each work is complete in itself, it is only when the authorship is seen as a whole that Kierkegaard is understood. To come to rest upon any one of his works separately is to bring to a halt the interior movement which he is effecting or it is to act as if he had not made it. Assuming that it is Kierkegaard we wish to understand, then it must be that we take the aesthetic, the philosophic and the religious writings together. In this connection *Works of Love* is important; each separate stage of the double movement, from the æsthetic and the philosophic to the most central definition of what it is to be a Christian, is welded into a single structure. No essential part of his previous work is missing. It comes close to the end of his life and is marked by the utter simplicity of direct statement, but it is contemporaneous with the beginning. Not only does it present the process of his own interior movement but it also gives the process of the double movement which is his relation to his contemporaries and we are in a position to see that here are not two movements, but one.

In its primary form the relation to one's contemporaries is a relation between individuals, and it is undeniably true that the experience of one individual, the plenitude and intention of his *cogito,* cannot be the same as the experience of another, and whether one considers truth to be the conformity of thought with being or of being with thought, it cannot be communicated directly, and the implicit isolation is not broken down. May it not be that there is no *objective* certainty, that certainty is subjective? Kierkegaard answers: yes. Are we not then *condemned* to be isolated and, if being isolated is a definition of freedom, *condemned* to be free? Kierkegaard answers: no.

The crowd is the "untruth," and the concept "individual" is the determining concept of spiritual awakening. But if the individual is "the truth" and the postulate which follows from it is exact, that each is an isolated reality in an original separation from the world and from others, on what ground may a man be responsible for another? The individual may become "the untruth." The decisive *factum* is what one wills to do in and with one's wakeful state.

The "neighbour" is the truth, the category from which there is no escape. And the neighbour-relationship is a God-relationship. The definition is symmetrical. I love, therefore I exist before God and my neighbour. If I love the idea of love as it is fixed for me in the "beloved" *one,* I abstract from the object of my love and also from my affective disposition their junction as the termini of my thought, and I relate myself to this abstracted function, as to the ground of my love, and tend to degrade my neighbour to the status of an "example."

"Thou *shalt* love thy neighbour, the whole race, all men, one's enemy, and to make no exception, either of partiality or dislike." This, Kierkegaard affirms, is the absolute requirement, the most central definition of what it is to be a Christian. When a man wills to relate himself to himself with the passion of inwardness, he wills to love his neighbour. When a man wills to love his neighbour he wills to become a self. When a man loves his neighbour he is contemporaneous with God. When a man grounds his life in the æsthetic category, "love and friendship are partiality and the passion of partiality," and the objective uncertainty attendant upon the search, the finding and the holding of an object worthy of love hardens into a fateful contingency. One must pass from the aesthetic category and see one's neighbour "unconditionally in every man. . . . To love the neighbour without partiality is a considerable wing-stretch, but it is not a proud flight which soars above the world; it is a humble and difficult flight of self-denial near the earth." The task consists "in finding the object already given lòvable and in continuing to find him lovable, however changed he is." "No change can take your neighbour from you, for it is not your neighbour who holds you fast, but it is your love which holds your neighbour fast." So is an objective uncertainty held fast in an appropriation process of the most passionate inwardness. This is Kierkegaard's much-discussed definition of truth and faith. "One must renounce all imaginative and unrestrained ideas of a dream-world; one must become sober, gain reality and truth by finding and remaining in the world of reality, as the sole appointed task...." "The most dangerous of all evasions is the wish to love only the invisible far off." Thus one must pass from the speculative to the religious, and in simplicity fulfil its absolute requirement. "The lover presupposes that there is love in the other man's heart, and just

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ROUTLEDGE

through this presupposition builds up the love in him on that foundation, in so far as he presupposes that it exists at bottom." So does he choose an objective uncertainty with the passion of the infinite. May it not be that this movement and the passion which effects it is the absolute certainty and the point of a new departure for the human spirit?

Kierkegaard's last word is: Judge for yourselves.

E. F. F. HILL

**Bugle Blast.** Edited by JACK AISTROP and REGINALD MOORE. *Allen and Unwin.* 6*s.*

*Bugle Blast* has been a platform for all kinds of occasional writing from the Services; now in its fourth issue, this anthology has become mostly a civilian business. Yet a glance at the titles of the four sections which it contains will indicate how the effects of the war, and living in uniform, are still carried, like lingering traces of malaria, into a different form of life: The Unsettled, Those at Home, Those Returning, and "Lonely as Angels" (a poetry supplement). Most of the contributors suffer from the virus of a war that has thrown them into very different milieus to which they are unaccustomed: many of the stories, such as *In Galilee*, by David Martin, are over descriptive, and show how much the exterior world, with its ugly or beautiful unfamiliarity, imposed itself on the author's mind; some stories, such as *Peace is Your Ticket, Charley*, read like a verbatim report of barrack-room conversation which has been done better by Gerald Kersh; but there are other stories in the fashion of *The Dead Don't Eat*, by Martin Jordan, which illuminate a moment of experience, either of imprisonment or suffering, and have an authentic and genuine intensity of mood. In this category, and strongly recommended, is *Green Madness*, by J. T. Brockway, a story—or is it a sketch?—which conveys the sickly miasma of climate and mental mood in Assam: here the invisible, intangible sounds of the "cigales' pitiless lash," and the "high piping" of "brain fever birds" form the background of the horror which is continually felt, but never seen, or pinned down. There are other stories by John Sommerfield, Sylvia Townsend Warner, and Arthur Calder-Marshall which bear the stamp of competent, professional writing.

**Silken Dalliance.** By H. K. BRUCE. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Every new book on the Edwardian age opens a fresh window, however small, on the scene, and in doing this, increases our awareness of the gap that divides us from that age, sharpens the contrast and makes us more conscious of its remoteness. It is to this feeling of remoteness that Mr. Bruce's reminiscences particularly add, because he describes a section of society which, according to our standards, seems almost fabulously extravagant and unreal. He leads us mildly and conversationally through his fantastic, aristocratic world, in which *Debrett* was the best-read book after the game-book; through a childhood spent in a vast, bleak palace in Ireland, whose windows were "half-blinded by sea-foam"; through Eton and boyhood holidays in the draughty rooms and terraced gardens of Clifton; through years of diplomatic service in London and abroad, entailing a whirl of magnificent receptions and balls, interspersed with more homely diplomatic evenings during which the embassy enjoyed strenuous games of Passage Football or Hunt the Thimble. These anecdotes and impressions are lightly strung together, without nostalgia or introspection, and with extreme reticence on personal affairs, such as his marriage to Karsavina, the Russian ballet dancer. Mr. Bruce accepted without question the traditions and beliefs of his circle in the same way that he accepted his father's lack of affection and eccentric individualism. This is an entertaining book, and if, in turning from our troubled scene, we are sometimes irritated by the superficiality and narrowness of the society which he describes, the author balances this by the charm and good humour of his writing.

## Week-end Competitions

### No. 899

**Set by Benedict Nicolson**

The usual prizes are offered for a Third Programme evening, as announced in the *Radio Times*, in under 200 words, which would prove too stiff even for its most determined public. The Programme must remain within the bounds of reasonable possibility: for example, Mr. George Barnes might admit extracts from *Beowulf* in Anglo-Saxon, but not from *Ulysses* in Urdu. Entries by May 27th.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 896

**Set by Saint-Loup**

The Bishop of Worcester in *The Times* of April 23rd declares that "both 'Dornakal' and 'Azariah' have become household words in this country." Competitors are invited to write an eight-line epigram in verse on the general human belief that what deeply interests oneself must be no less familiar and important to everyone else.

**Report by Saint-Loup**

Though I do know that to most people my Swann is not even a goose, I have a good deal of sympathy with the Bishop: I like coming across unfamiliar words that I have to look up in the dictionary, I like critics to be allusive, I like to see preserved old tags like "La paix règne à Varsovie" and (not irrelevant to this competition) "Who is Connie Gilchrist?" For this reason I am sorry that most of the neatest entries held up the Bishop to reprobation. I recommend a guinea each C. M. Walkerdine, Guy Innes, Joyce Johnson, W. Stewart and John Grant. The runners-up were John Thornton, Terence Melican, E. T. Scheffauer and Candida.

Though wiser we should surely grow,
We deem that what we like and know
    Appeals, too, to the masses.
Northanger Abbey means to me
Jane Austen only, none but she,
Though one, who asked me where it stood,
Thought that an Abbey's only good
    Was to provide old brasses.

C. M. WALKERDINE

"Oh, Mummy dear," cried little Minnie,
Wiping her hands upon her pinny,
With proud achievement in her eye,
"Just come and see my Christmas pie!"
The pie was mud, the child a smear;
Said Mummy, "Marvellous, my dear!"
Man trusts, when his mud-pies he's blending,
God will be just as comprehending.

GUY INNES

Though *I* must scan *The Statesman* ends
  To know the best—or worst,
I don't presume to think my friends
  Turn to these pages first.

The learned Bishop makes a claim
  Which I cannot endorse,
To think we've heard of either name
  Is only Worcester's sauce.

JOYCE JOHNSON

When bishops talk of "household words"
  Like Dornakal and Azariah,
I think of G. K. Chesterton
  And F. E. Smith and Aunt Maria:
Smith said a little Bill for Wales
  Would shock all Christendom severely:
My aunt is sure that summer sales
  Are all that people live for, nearly.

W. STEWART

Hereafter shall a "Dornakal" denote
The man that cannot see his own eye's mote;
His mental fodder is the dim critique,
Tomes larded thick with untranslated Greek,
Detective tales that smack of Girton
With tags from Gorboduc or Burton . . .
Oh *Times*, that would not take at last a risk
And shame that Bishop with an asterisk!

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VACANCIES exist in various parts of the U.K. under Control Office for Germany and Austria for work in Prisoner-of-War Camps. Applicants must be of British nationality with fluent German; have a good knowledge of Germany, and must be willing to travel. Salary £600 p.a., rising to £650 p.a. on completion of 6 months' satisfactory service, plus travelling exps. Applics. in writing, stating date of birth, giving full details of qualifics. and exp. (including list in chronological order of appointments held) and quoting ref. J.A. 94, to Ministry of Labour and Natl. Service, London Appointments Office, 1-6, Tavistock Sq. W.C.1, by May 31. In no circumstances should original testimonials be forwarded. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

B.B.C. invites applics. for (a) Representative in Mexico City, and (b) Representative in Buenos Aires. Max. salary equiv. in U.K. £1,230 p.a. Salary paid in Latin America will include local allowance related to extra cost of living and will be dependent on personal circumstances. Outfit allowance £30. Successful candidate must undergo medical examin., join Overseas Contributory Sickness and Accident Insurance Scheme, and be prepared to stay in Latin America for 3 years, as transfer under this period would normally only be considered to meet requirements of Corporation. Candidates should have good education and cultural background and ability to make and maintain official and other contacts. Knowledge of Spanish and of Latin America essential. Exp. of office management necessary, knowledge of broadcasting and publicity work useful. Applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked (a) "Mexico," or (b) "Buenos Aires" within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose stamped add. envelope.

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UNIV. of Leeds. Department of Social Studies. Applics. invited for foll. posts in Department of Social Studies, viz.: (i) Lecturer, at salary of £550-£25-£900 p.a. (ii) Asst. Tutor in Practical Social Work at salary of £400-£25-£500. Further partics. from the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, by whom applics. will be received not later than June 9.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire War Agricultural Exec. Cttee. Applics. invited for positions as male Wardens at Hostels for civilian Poles in the East Riding of Yorkshire. Salary offered is £300-£350 p.a. with free board and lodging. No accomm. for wives or other dependants. Applicants should have knowledge of Ministry of Food regulations, admin. ability, and be capable of taking control of hostels of 72 to 150 civilian Poles with suitable staff. Immediate interview will be given to suitable applicants. Apply, Executive Officer, E.R.W.A.E.C., St. Mary's Manor, Beverley, E. Yorks.

DULWICH Divisional Labour Party. Applics. invited for post of full-time organiser-agent. Sal. and conditions in accord. with Natl. agreement. Applic. forms fr. Sec., 95 Grove Vale, S.E.22, to be returned by May 31. Prev. applicants need not apply.

### Appointments Vacant—continued

UNIV. College, London, will shortly appoint an Assistant Lecturer (Grade III) in the Department of Latin and Greek, duties to commence October 1, 1947. Sal. £400-£500, according to qualifics. and exp. Applics., to be received by June 1, should be addressed to Secretary, University College, London, Gower St. W.C.1 (from whom further partics. may be obtained).

UNIVERSITY College, Dundee. The Council of University College, Dundee, invites applics. from Univ. graduates for post of Assistant Librarian at Univ. College, Dundee, in the University of St. Andrews. Sal. £350 to £400 according to qualifics. The post carries with it membership of the F.S.S.U. Library exp. is desirable. Applicants are requested to lodge with the Secretary by May 31, seven copies of their application, which should include a note of age, qualifics. and exp., and should give the names of two referees.

CITY of Portsmouth Training College. Principal, Miss D. Dymond, M.A. Wanted, owing to increase in numbers: (a) Educational Psychologist (full or part-time); (b) Lecturer in Education (full or part-time); (c) Lecturer in Mathematics and/or Physics and Chemistry (full-time); (d) Lecturer in Craft with special reference to weaving (full or part-time); (e) Part-time Lecturer in Physical Training. Appointments, in general, non-resident. Sal. in accordance with Pelham Scale. Applic. forms and partics. from Registrar, Municipal College, Portsmouth.

SURREY War Agricultural Exec. Cttee. Applics. invited for post of a Male Assistant Hostels Officer, at salary of up to £350 p.a. Candidates should have a knowledge of Ministry of Food regulations relating to Catering Establishments. Person appointed will be reqd. to supervise a number of hostels at which male employees of the Committee will be in residence. Appointment, which is terminable by one month's notice on either side, is subject to the approval of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries. Travelling and subsistence allowances on the Treasury Scale. Applics., stating age, qualifics. and full details of present appointment and past exp., accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, of which one must be from the present employer, should be submitted by May 24, to S. O. B. Powell, Secy. to the Committee, Elgin, London Road, Guildford.

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ACKWORTH School, Nr. Pontefract, Yorks (Co-educ. boarding school conducted by the Society of Friends). Reqd. for September, 1947, Master to teach Geography to University Entrance standard. Subsidiary Economics desirable; also ability to help with games. Salary according to Burnham Scale. Applics. before May 25 to the Headmaster.

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### Personal

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